

The TATLER

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London, July 23, 1930

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The TATLER



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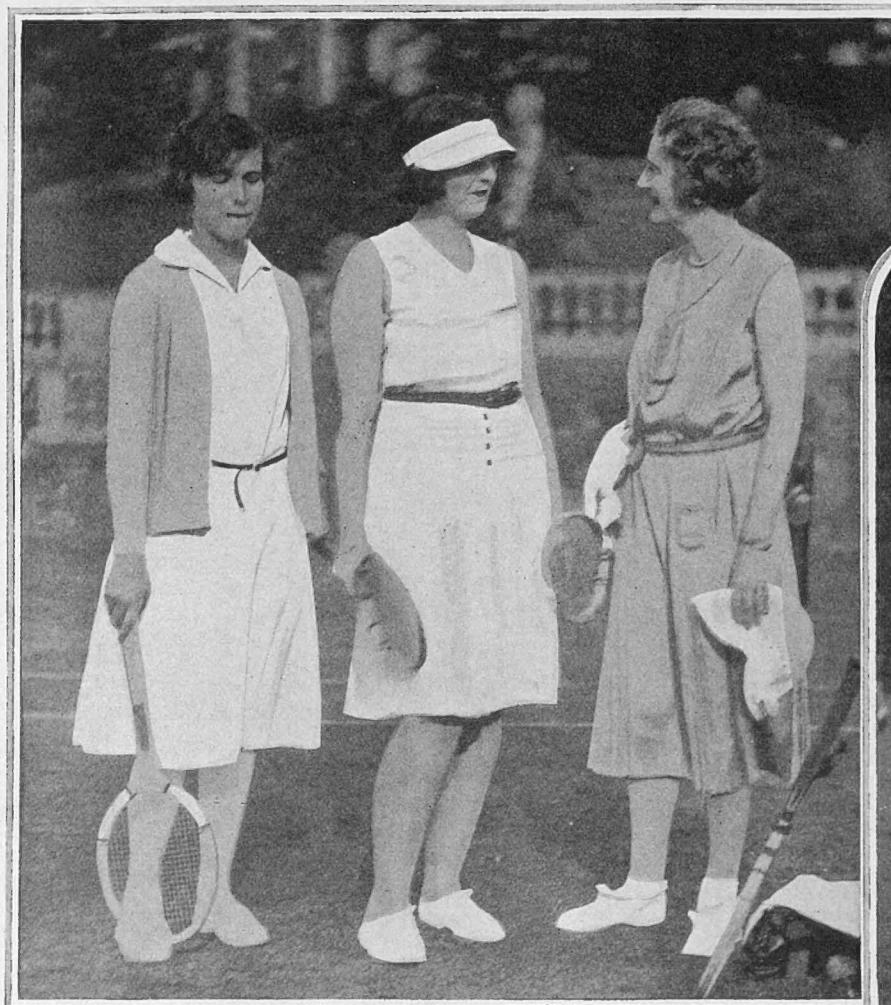


Dorothy Wilding, Old Bond Street

MISS EDNA BEST (PRINCESS ALEXANDRA) AND MR. HERBERT MARSHALL (PRINCE ALBERT) IN "THE SWAN"

Molnar's play, which is having a success at the St. James', is all about a laggard in love, one Prince Albert, whose would-be and rather impatient mamma-in-law, Princess Beatrice, thinks that it may hurry things up a bit if Princess Alexandra has a mild flirtation with her brother's tutor. It does. It is hard lines on the tutor, for he is left lamenting, and Alexandra eventually marries Albert—according to plan. The play is full of amusing situations

The Letters of Eve



AT LADY CROSFIELD'S: MLLÉ. VLASTO, LADY ALINGTON, AND MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL

Lady Crosfield's courts at West Hill, Highgate, are a great rendezvous for the lawn tennis enthusiast, amongst whom Lady Alington is numbered. Before her marriage in 1928 she was Lady Mary Ashley-Cooper. Mlle. Vlasto is a relation of the famous French player

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

THANKS very much, but I'm luching at the Cavalry Club tent." "This cricket's pretty dull; what about a walk round?" "Did you see the woman in the quite transparent green organdie?" "They haven't won for twenty-two years." "I've got a date by the shady clock at four." "You know, Hale's father has come all the way from the Argentine to see him play; last year he hit six consecutive boundaries in one over." "There's Princess Takamatsu; isn't she pretty?" "We're going to the Gaiety." "What a sight." "Come to our coach." "I'm having tea with the Normanbys." "That sounds like a wicket—Ee-ton."

Don't think me mad, my dear, but my letter may be a trifle disjointed, after the manner of conversations at Lords. Those are samples of remarks actually heard at the 101st Eton and Harrow match, from which you should gather that it provided no material changes from the customs time has honoured.

But the ubiquitous button-holers who sell cornflowers and pseudo-Etonian carnations certainly become more importunate each year. Tired of evading them, I leant back in my taxi without bothering to answer an inquiry of particular persistence. "Deaf and



AT THE KENT COUNTY SHOW: MRS. FREDERICK LONSDALE AND MRS. SAM BENNETT

At the show grounds at Folkestone last week. Mrs. Lonsdale is the wife of the famous playwright, and hunts with the Southdown Hounds and occasionally with the Old Surrey and Burstow. Mrs. Sam Bennett is her daughter



THE MARQUESS OF QUEENSBERRY

Who is said to have leased Leeds Castle for the summer. In 1926 Lord Queensberry married Miss Kathleen Harrington Mann, daughter of the famous artist-sculptor, and herself a very good artist

dumb," said the disappointed monger loudly to the world at large.

* * *

This particular contest at Lord's must strike foreign visitors as just another example of the madness of the English. Women and young girls in their thousands in super-decorative frocks. Their opposite numbers, from not much over eight to not much under eighty, in immaculate outfits with toppers to match. And all for what? To watch from crowded and unyielding benches twenty-two boys playing cricket, or, as is more frequently the case, to perambulate perpetually on hot and dusty asphalt without ever seeing the game at all. We have some curious habits haven't we? *Plus ça change plus c'est la même chose*, certainly applies to Eton's annual battle with their traditional enemies.

Talking of curious habits, in a different sense, some of the frocks were undoubtedly on the startling side, though many people wisely preferred simpler ideas. Mrs. Sam Lloyd, in black crêpe de Chine, was one of these, and Lady Sybil Middleton another. She was in red and had her little boy with her, one of several quite small persons present.

Who else? Let me see. There was Miss Barbara Gray-Cheape, whose first season this is; Miss Evelyn Leith, most engaging; Lady Arundell of Wardour; Miss Harrison-Broadley, in green, and sheltering under one of the largest of hats; and Mrs. Ronald Armstrong-Jones, who was observing the scene from the vantage point of a coach. Lady Veronica Blackwood was with Lord Harcourt, who took her on afterwards to Nuneham, where he had a house party for his coming-of-age celebrations. Lady Georgiana Curzon is always an added attraction to any social concentration she attends. Lady Joan Villiers, too, was looking particularly well, and nicely sunburnt after her long visit to Malta. She had her father, Lord Clarendon, and her brother, Lord Hyde, as companions, and they seemed to have thrown off, for the moment, their preoccupation as to the fate of their stolen Vandyc.

Lord Leigh and Lord de Saumarez must not be forgotten. The latter was at Eton in the 'fifties, and his concentrated interest in the state of the game was most praiseworthy. I also saw Sir Christopher and Lady Magnay, and encountered them again in the evening, when they were members of Major Harker's large dinner and dance party at Claridge's. Their host and his tall twin daughters, whose resemblance to each other frequently defeats both friends and acquaintances, are now busy making preparations for a three-months' visit to America.

* * *

Having waited long enough to see Eton on the high road to ultimate victory, I then took car to Ranelagh where the finals of the Subalterns' Cup and Hunt Cup were being decided. At the former match one of the first people I observed was Colonel Vivian Lockett, anxiously watching the results of his training. But he need not have worried, for the 17th/21st Lancers, playing magnificently, were 6 goals too good for the

have not changed for six years. Mr. Henry Forester, his predecessor, left the regiment last year to its regret, but to his advantage, we hope. Anyhow, the breeding and instruction of polo ponies in America seems most suitable for his talents.

* * *

Additional interest in the match was added for those who had been let into the secret of the engagement between



THE HON. EILEEN BERESFORD

On board SS. "Lapland," which conveyed her on her first visit to the States. Miss Beresford, who is seventeen, is the pretty elder daughter of Lord and Lady Decies. She is American on the distaff side, being a granddaughter of the late Mr. George Jay Gould.



THE DIPPERS

Major the Hon. E. Hermon-Hodge, D.S.O., Miss Joyce Battersby, and Mr. William Battersby, returning from a bathe at Sea View, where aqua-planing has also been among their island activities. Mr. Hermon-Hodge is Lord Wyfold's second son

Inniskillings, and regained the cup which was in their charge from 1924 until last year.

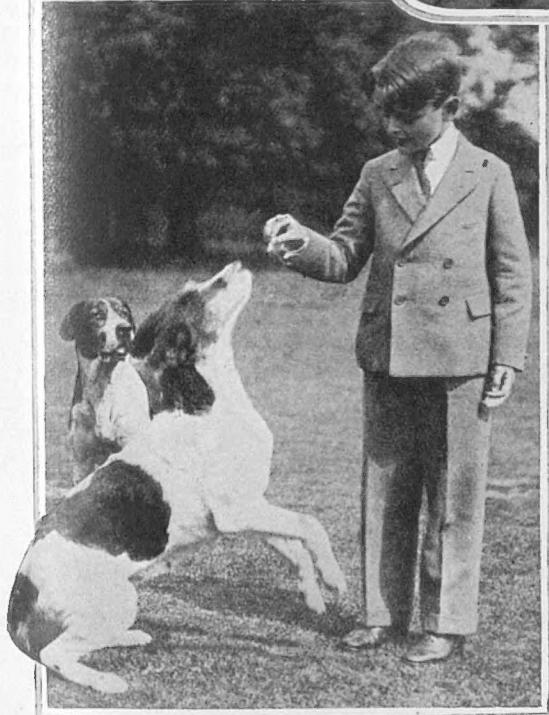
The winning team have had a adequate opportunity of judging each other's form and making the most of an admirable combination, for, with the exception of their No. 1, Mr. Smith-Bingham, the component parts

able to take a hand with a polo stick herself. Her father and uncles, who formed the invincible Rugby side, were pioneers of the game in England.

She and her two young sisters never allowed the Pytchley Hunt to come within their reach without attendance on their ponies ever since they were able to master them, a feat which they achieved earlier than most. Very few years ago, when plaits of hair still adorned her back, Miss Nickalls confounded the best gymkhana pot-hunters by descending on Roehampton and sweeping all before her.

General and Mrs. Smith-Bingham came to Ranelagh to watch this final, and their second son brought his fiancée, Miss Jean Garland, whose fur coat I envied for its much-needed warmth and extremely nice appearance. Lady Norton was appreciative of the finer points of the ponies, as befits an Irishwoman. Others from her native County Carlow were the Browne-Claytons, and Mr. Terence Weldon was, as usual, making fun for everyone within his wave-length. His mother, by the way, is still finding it difficult to get the better of her damaged ankle, which has handicapped most of her activities this summer. Mr. Cyril Maude, with grey morning coat, top-hat, and hair can best be described, in the words of a fellow-observer, as "a perfect pet."

Later the Tedworth Hunt had the laugh of the Warwickshire when the Hunt Cup was won by them, for they made hay of their opponents who, on paper, should have given them a better game. The winners were Sir Peter Farquhar and Mr. Henry Mond, Joint Masters of the pack, ably supported by the brothers Fanshawe, all admirably mounted.



Howard Barrett

LORD HARRINGTON

Who made a speech at the Hunt Puppy Show luncheon and said he hoped one day to be Master of the family pack. His father, the late Lord Harrington, M.F.H., was killed out hunting last season, and Lady Harrington is now Master of these famous hounds



Arthur Owen
MRS. DUDLEY COATS AND HER FIANCÉ,
MR. MARSHALL FIELD

Who according to report are to be married in London next month. Mr. Marshall Field is Lady Beatty's nephew, hunts in Leicestershire, and inherited a vast fortune from his millionaire grandfather. Decorative Mrs. Dudley Coats, who is also a feature of Meltonshire hunting circles, is Mrs. Brinton's daughter

acularly and financially. There was no crowd, there seldom is at these July meetings, and that in itself was a pleasant factor of one's enjoyment. But most of the people one expected to see materialized. As, for instance, Mrs. Sofer-Whitburn (who is, I hear, discussing a visit to Oberammergau), Lady Rosebery, and Lady Buchanan-Jardine. They were all three endorsing the value of black, or black and white, which were Fashion's hottest favourite of the day.

* * * * *

Lord and Lady Furness and Lord Derby were there too, and Lady Somerleyton, whom I saw patronising the mechanical bookmaker. How the Tote has divulged hitherto well-concealed standards of betting, by the way! Lady Chesham, very neat in brown broken check, was another regular to be seen, also Mrs. George Lambton, who had rather unexpectedly wrapped herself in a coat of brown ring velvet. Two more or less local celebrities were Lady Joan Birkbeck, dressed in pale blue, and Lady Islington, who has taken to racing at Newmarket since she went to live at Rushbrooke. Other persons worth noting were Mrs. Harry Waring, who was staying in Norfolk for the meeting, and Miss Sylvia North, an extremely pretty girl.

* * * * *

It seems curious that one of the most solid and highly-placed pillars of Socialism should establish a reputation as one of the best and most frequent party givers in London. But there it is, and Mrs. Philip Snowden will soon be ranking in that category hitherto reserved for people like Lady Cunard and, one might say, the Austrian Minister. For though Lady Cunard probably holds the palm for general excellence, the Austrian Minister certainly holds the one for frequency.

The special *raison d'être* of Mrs. Snowden's last party, just about a week ago, was Mr. Isadore de Lara and his opera, *Messalina*, which does not, let it be said at once, fulfil quite all the promise which the title of that naughty Roman lady might imply. Excerpts of the opera, with the composer at the piano, were given as a preliminary to its public performance next day at the Strand. It has been performed before in London, just a short time ago, also in Ireland, at Aix, and Monte Carlo. Mr. de Lara is an attractive person of many parts. He has a beautiful voice and really courtly manners, and goes in arduously for bicycling and bridge.

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

On St. Swithin's Day the weather, as far as Newmarket was concerned, showed all the instability of a modern politician. It was patchily sunny and dull. Patchily hot and cold. So the problem of what to wear was most acute, for how hot it can be on that July course when one is over-clad. How unpleasant, too, if rain drips on one from those paddock trees. Still we managed to win through, and had some extremely good racing, both spect-

there seldom according to their tendencies. Mr. "Jonah" Jones in particular had somehow added several cubits to his stature simply by taking thought and a red beard. Identification was impossible in some cases and made would-be-detectives desperate. One of the hardest problems to solve was a golliwog of ferocious aspect who was ultimately transformed into the antithesis of ferocity, Mrs. Richard Shelley. Veritably a splendid party.—Love from EVE.

It is the fate of villains to be unmasked in the realms of drama and fiction; but this sinister reputation could not, I hope, be attributed to those who came to Arlington Street at the joint bidding of Lady Salisbury and Lady Grey, when a genuine masquerade succeeded the more austere reception held the night before for the bishops attending the Lambeth Conference. Lady Mary and Lady "Nissit" Grey acted as reserve hostesses, and were joint managers of a most excellent and amusing cotillon. Even among the best of friends this form of entertainment threatens rather un-English publicity unless very cautiously conducted, but the sisters tactfully combined with Lord David Cecil to lure the least *géné* into the limelight without making the more retiring feel shy.

* * * * *

Much ice can be broken with the aid of masks if only everyone comes in the proper spirit; this was essentially a young party and provided much competition in defying detection. The Duchess of Portland and Lord Richard Cavendish could not, however, succeed in concealing their identity, but Lady Cranborne had the bright idea of a white mask for a disguise. Lady Anne Hunloke looked enchantingly ephemeral in a long *jeune fille* white tulle dress worn with a wig to match and a black mask.

Mr. and Mrs. Ronnie Balfour attempted to exchange colour schemes (he with the aid of yellow whiskers), but it was a comfort to know that the lovely Deidre was, after all, not as black as she tried to make out. Lady Strathcona said that it was quite by chance her cloak and dress went so wonderfully well together, but the cleverness with which her head-dress was arranged could not have been accidental. Her husband refused to make mock of himself, and Lady Barbara Bevan would be committed to nothing more than a sparkly mask, but Mr. Anthony Asquith did his best to be in a most moving picture.

* * * * *

Mrs. Geoffrey Bridgeman looked lovely in a black taffeta domino with a gold wimple, which is a most alluring form of attire; in fact, three-cornered hats with lace mantilla-ish hangings had been generally chosen. Under the conditions imposed on them the men seemed to become abnormally short, broad, or tall



PERSONALITIES IN PONT STREET

Lady Salisbury and Lady William Cecil were among the many guests who attended the marriage of General Sir Charles and Lady Alice Fergusson's eldest son to Miss Frances Dugdale, which took place at St. Columba's, Pont Street

CRUISING AT COWES

Week-end Visitors to the Solent



FOUR ASHORE

Miss Pole-Carew, Sir William Portal, Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew, and Lady Constance Butler were among those enjoying last week's sea breezes at Cowes. Sir William Portal lives at Laverstoke, and owns the ketch, "Valdora," which recently went into commission. Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew and Lady Constance Butler are Lord Ormonde's nieces



CAPTAIN AND MRS. GERARD LEIGH AND THEIR FAMILY AND MR. JAMES BAIRD, M.F.H.

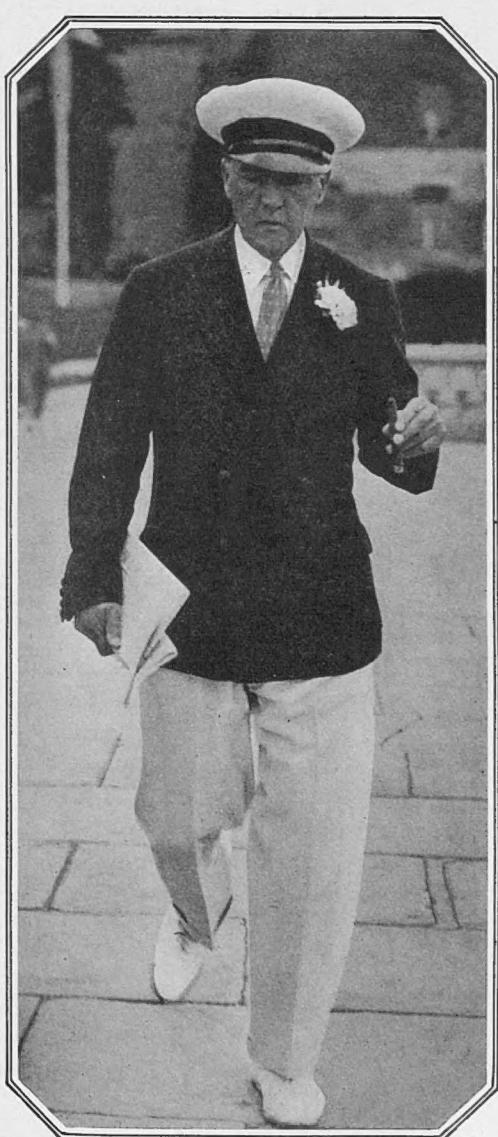


THE HON. GEORGE COLVILLE AND LORD GORT, V.C., ON THE R.Y.S. STEPS

The Cowes season promises excellently. The King and Queen are to be there for the Regatta week, which opens on August 4, and many yachts are already in the Roadstead. Among the Squadron members who were cruising at the week-end were Lord Gort, the Hon. George Colville, Captain J. C. Gerard Leigh, and Lord Albemarle. Lord Birkenhead was aboard his motor-yacht, "Mairi," and Miss Seely, who is Major-General J. E. B. Seely's daughter, was also in the sea picture. General Seely's new 8-ton cruising yacht was recently launched at Cowes, and was well and truly named "Izme III" by his wife, the Hon. Mrs. Seely



LORD ALBEMARLE AND MISS SEELY



LORD BIRKENHEAD

Photographs by Arthur Owen



Betty Compson in "THE CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA"

Arnold Zweig's great War story is Betty Compson's latest film, and with such dramatic chances as Zweig offers it would be strange if something extra in the way of a film had not been evolved. Just before this Betty Compson was in "Street Girl."

"THE TATLER" is not a political paper and it is to be presumed that a political article by its film-critic would be, to say the least of it, deprecated. Now I, personally, have no politics, being content to hold that politics is a science or art employed by those who think wrong on purpose in order to hoodwink those who cannot think to any purpose good or bad. But certain things jump to the eyes. Last week I was in Manchester, which is really the capital of Lancashire whatever Liverpool may say. The position in the Lancashire cotton-mills—about which I know something as I could still earn my living as a weaver—is briefly this: the pound share in almost any cotton mill is worth less than nothing. In fact, people will give you half-a-crown with every share you take off their hands. The reason for this is obvious. For fifty years we have been teaching the native Indian to weave calico, to which end we have been putting up cotton-mills for him and incidentally making fortunes in the business. Whereupon, lo the poor tutored Indian proceeds to weave, very much to our disgust! In the meantime the Chinks have taken to doing business with the Japs and, in short, India and China, which were once our largest customers, are now our competitors. Hence those manufacturing tears. Hence Manchester's state of utter and abject misery, a state which results from all the rich people being bankrupt and all the poor people being on the dole. Now take Derby. A newspaper competition was held the other day with the object, first of making money for the newspaper-proprietor, and second of deciding which was the happiest town in the Kingdom. The criterion was the number of people on the dole, and it was held that in Derby this was lower than in any other town. It was afterwards discovered that with the exception of the railway, every trade in Derby is a luxury trade and is therefore going full swing. Which brings me to the point, or one of the points, of this article—the fact that people in this country still have money for luxuries.

I think that this is perhaps the place to say that it is at least arguable that the criterion at Derby was wrong. Might not that be regarded as the happiest city which had most men on the dole? I understand that a farm-labourer with three children only gets three shillings a week more when he works than when he doesn't. I understand, too, that many people living on the dole are living on the equivalent to an income yielded

Ernest A. Bachrach

The Cinema

By JAMES AGATE

At the Empire

by a capital of £2,000. The other day in North Wales the young gentleman who did me the honour to carry my golf-clubs rode to the course on a motor-bicycle which he had purchased out of the dole. A friend of mine, an old actor, who is on the dole, explained that he was late for a luncheon appointment with me because the man in front of him at the Labour Exchange had wasted a lot of time arguing with the official as to whether somebody could sign on for him while he went for his holidays! Be these things as they may, there is no doubt that people can still afford luxuries though they may have no money left for necessities.

Something of the sort may explain why when I went into the Empire the other afternoon I found it completely packed. Packed not only with women but with men, who looked as though they might have businesses to attend. The first film was entitled *In Gay Madrid*, the gaiety in question being supplied by a collection of extremely ill-bred and ill-mannered American hobbledehoys and madcaps. The chief attraction was, I suppose, Ramon Novarro who, wearing a smart ill-cut suit, looked like an American insurance-clerk. Clothed, this film-actor appears to me to be in an entirely wrong mind, and I now know that I have no use whatever for Mr. Novarro unless, like a more graceful and thinner Cortez, he is standing silent and naked upon a peak in Darien. Or perchance wading in some fragmentary bathing-suit in the waters of the Polynesian Ocean. In these conditions Novarro is a figure of romance, whereas to put him into a billycock and dickie, or their equivalent, is an outrage upon the sensibilities. I thought all that part of this film which I saw before dropping to sleep to be the most tedious and the most twaddlesome I had ever endured.

The picture was followed by one entitled *Strictly Unconventional*, which is an adaptation of Mr. Somerset Maugham's *The Circle*. This play is always regarded as Mr. Maugham's best, and I confess that I have forgotten all about it. If the play is at all like the film I can only say that it must contain some monstrously poor thinking. Lady Kitty has run off thirty years ago with Lord Somebody. She is now a fat ridiculous old fuss-pot who could attract no man, and he is now an embittered fogey who could attract no woman. Mr. Maugham asks us to assume, always provided that the film does his play justice, that the reason that this pair have been overtaken by the horror and ridicule of old age is that they are not married, and conversely, that if they were respectable married people and not what remains of a runaway couple, she would be like the dear old dames inevitably portrayed by Miss Mary Jerrold, while he would resemble the silver-haired oracles of Mr. C. V. France. Which is nonsense. The marriage-tie, or its untying, has nothing to do with Lady Kitty's quantity of fat and the fact that Lord Somebody's false teeth don't fit. This is an elementary observation of which Mr. Maugham in his wittier moments would, I think, be quite capable.

But playwrights always insist upon making this mistake. Did not Paula Tanqueray maintain that the result of being a courtesan is that one grows old? I remember that the play had one good point, which was that when the young people in it decided to run away their elders, who did the same thing years ago, indulge in a hideous cackle of ironic laughter. In the film they drop tears of approbation because the film's notion of reproducing a play is to turn whatever little meaning that play has into the exact opposite. The film was well acted. The best item as usual was the news-bulletin which, among other things, showed us Don Bradman at the wicket. But you would have thought that not even a cricket-reporter would have described an on-drive and a hit to square-leg as "cuts" for two and four respectively. On the whole a good entertainment, and about one-eighth as enjoyable as in the days when good cinema-houses gave us good music.

A list of films now running in London will be found on p. xxii

ROUND THE THEATRES



Janet Jevons
MISS MADELEINE
CARROLL WHO
WAS IN "DANCE
WITH NO MUSIC"



MR. JOHN WYSE (MAURICE) AND MISS MARY NEWCOMB (VALERIE) IN
THE "JEALOUSY" REVIVAL AT THE LITTLE

With London's permanent garrison of playgoers about to be relieved by the army from the country, the little collection of plays and players in this page may be opportune. Miss Madeleine Carroll was in an Arts Theatre production. She has been in the film version of "French Leave," "Jealousy" revived at the Little, is one of the most dramatic thrillers Verneuil ever wrote, and is played by two first-class actors, Mr. John Wyse of Old Vic fame and Miss Mary Newcomb, who was the original Valerie when it was first produced in 1928. There is a full-blooded murder in it, Maurice killing Valerie's former protector, and Valerie trying to pretend that she is the killer. Those in pursuit of the lighter kind of fare will find it in abundance in "Sons o' Guns" at the Hippodrome, where it is presented as an Anglicized American musical comedy with the War as a background, and at the Gaiety, where Mr. Stanley Lupino's devastating romp, "The Love Race," is going great guns. Miss Greenwood incidentally is the daughter of the Rt. Hon. Arthur Greenwood, M.P., the Minister of Health.

Sasha

MISS ESMÉ TOSH IN "THE LOVE RACE"

Sasha
MISS ESMÉ TOSH IN "THE LOVE RACE"

Stage Photo Co.
IN "SONS O' GUNS": MISS KATHLEEN GREENWOOD
AND MR. BRUCE FAIRFAX



RACING RAGOUP

By
"GUARDRAIL"

THE last day of the Bibury meeting almost finished on a note of tragedy, a large number of the members suffering from poisoning. It was strange to find the names of many habitual racegoers among the sufferers as one would have thought that the first thing one learnt was that salmon and lobster don't get the three days in hot weather at inland meetings.

The strong sensations of nausea exhibited by some of the amateur riders may have been directly attributable to this cause, or again they may not.

The amateur riders' race at Lingfield on the Saturday was a particularly well-contested and well-ridden affair, being won by Mr. Slater on Skywriter, Mr. John Chapman's useful hurdler. The favourite, Mr. Denison Pender's Crafty Captain, a beautiful short-legged bay horse, looks like carrying 14 stone to hounds, but his race-winning capabilities are rather problematical.

Mr. Fred Wilmot generally manages to stage any new attraction for the first time. Last year Reigh Count made his first impressive appearance in a white "cooler" smothered in monograms at Lingfield, and this year the Australian crack, Strephon II, made his debut at the same meeting. He is a good sort of big, rather plain chestnut horse on the hardest and best of legs, and having travelled from the other end of the world, and been off a racecourse for eighteen months, his form on Friday cannot be taken as possessing any value, though the horse looked well enough. He is a pretty hard-pulling customer who carries his head where you can't get a hold of it, but he is amazingly nippy at getting round the turns in his own way. The process seems to be to put all his weight on his forehand and skid his hind wheels round, a sickening sensation rather akin to a trip on "the whip" at the circus. His action is not taking, and probably he needs a longer distance, but if he is half a horse this form must be discounted in toto.

Who will be a very familiar figure in the paddock at Goodwood next week, where, if the weather holds, it ought to be as pleasant a gathering as it usually is

Newmarket was so hard that no horse of any value was sent to run, and on the first day the crowd was on the small side. Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen fancied three horses in crescendo. Top Dressing, the first of the trio, was second, Concerto won, and Barrack Lad bore out the judgment. There is no more jolly place to race than the July Course; it has a charm of its own and yet what could be more annoying than to have at least two

races finishing almost out of sight down the course, and in the others the horses are out of view in the dip, and invisible, except from half-way up the stands, for the finish. Apparently the entire course is to be changed, the whole of the stands being shifted on to the plantation side, and one doesn't know whether to be sorry or glad. At the same time these July fixtures have become fashionable for many, who only used to race at Epsom, Ascot, and Goodwood, and the stands and general accommodation are quite insufficient. The advent of the Tote has undoubtedly a good deal to do with this, for even if its takings on this course are comparatively insignificant, it has encouraged a new crowd of race-goers who, knowing nothing of betting, like to have a gamble of a few shillings in the fresh air instead of over a bridge-table. Everyone is conservative at heart and hates to see the old order done away with, anyway until they've got used to the newer and probably more efficient methods.

The first "claiming and selling" at Newmarket brought out a large field of the moderates for which these are framed, but probably Valerie K is rather better than the ordinary plater. The going on the second day was a shade softer for the overnight rain, and Sister Clover produced the first vindication of this year's classic form when beating Fingle Bridge. Rose of England also ran really well in an endeavour to give away lumps of weight to Theresina.

The sales show an enormous drop in price for mares, foals, and yearlings, and breeders have a grouch against Snowden for taking all the money that used to be spent in this trade. Who can risk buying the best mares and using the best horses if these prices are going to rule? With yearlings at their present price it looks as though the selling races next year will be hotter than ever. Probably the best way of getting a nomination is as was done in the case of Majority Calling, a two-year-old winner at Lingfield on Saturday.

The nomination to Diomedes for Miss Majority was played for at bridge between Captain Stapleton Bretherton, the owner of Miss Majority, and Mr. Sydney Beer, the owner of Diomedes. This was adjudged by an impartial audience to be an even-money bet, which was decided on the rubber, oddly enough, without a revoke on either side. The filly won with some ease and is probably a useful second-class animal that will win more races.

"DAD"
KEEPING
GUARD OVER
THE SODA
WATER SYPHON
AT
HURLINGHAM.



MR. JAMES ASHTON

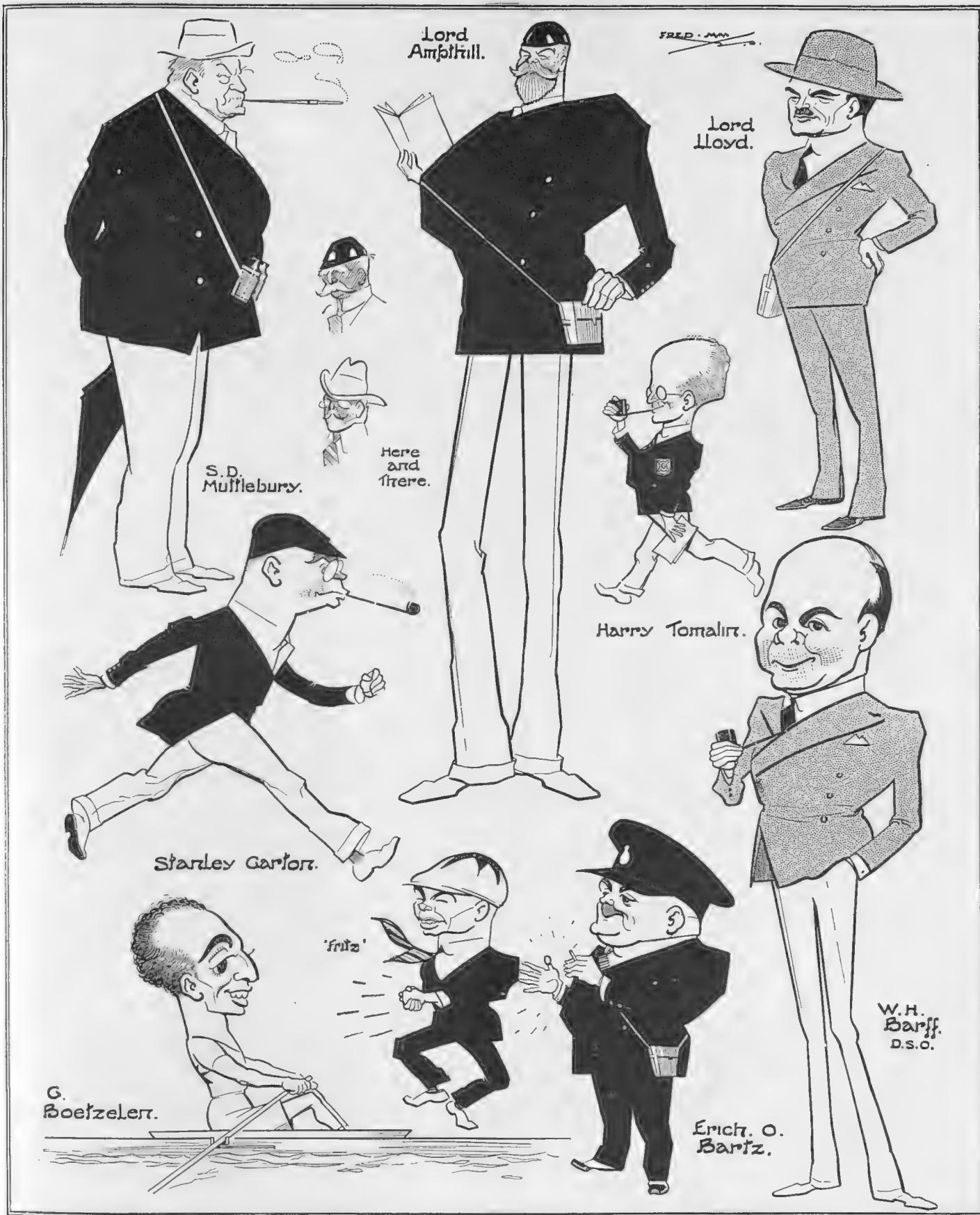
The proud father of the four brothers who have made such a name for the Goulburn polo team from New South Wales this season. H.M. King Alfonso sent Mr. and Mrs. Ashton a special cup to mark his admiration of Goulburn's fine performance in the championship.



THE
COMMODORE

COMMODORE TALBOT-PONSONBY

A MEMORY OF HENLEY 1930



THE STEWARDS—AND SOME OTHERS—BY FRED MAY

The destinies of this year's sunny Henley were presided over by the best possible collection of past Wet Bobs which could be named, headed by Lord Ampthill, one of the best oars Eton ever sent up to Oxford (Eton Eight, 1886-1888; Oxford Eight, 1889-1891; President of the O.U.B.C., 1891), and backed by someone called by most "Muttle," whose name spelt rowing at its best in his day, plus first-class watermanship, Mr. A. S. Garton, Major W. H. Barff, Mr. H. Tomalin, and others. Lord Lloyd was amongst the distinguished gallery, and he also was a Wet Bob when he was at Eton. The challenger for the Diamonds from the Vaterland, Herr Boetzelen, is seen in the bottom left-hand corner with some of his supporters



AT BAD PISTYAN: THE DUCHESS OF MANCHESTER AND LADY MARY MONTAGU

Bad Pistyan in Czechoslovakia is a great cure place for rheumatism, and this Alsatian in the picture with the Duchess of Manchester and her daughter is said to be undergoing the cure. Race-horses, it is asserted, also have been successfully treated.

Were You There?

WOMEN may be divided into two classes. Those who are much nicer in their own homes and those who are much nicer outside them. It is a "rare bird" who is equally nice both within and without. On the whole, the woman who is nicer in her own home has usually a pronounced touch of that pleasant Bohemianism which makes those who are happiest being natural closer akin to one another. The mildly Bohemian lady, on the other hand, if met with in general company, is too often intent upon being such a "lady" that she can easily become insufferably dull. Elsewhere, the gay companion of the restaurant and the cocktail party appears at home too often to fear lest her manner amid the more intimate surroundings may invite an attempt at seduction. Unless she be in love with you she can be a bore in her own home. She is too greatly the hostess to be amusing. Happily most people are infinitely nicer in their own homes unless their hospitality be solely of the fussy variety. In any case, one may pick and choose one's acquaintances when they are safely behind their own front doors. Once outside, the world seems overflowing with the bad-mannered and the boring. And one never realizes how greatly manners can be a veneer until one meets people on a neutral footing. Take restaurants for example. We all know the woman, otherwise harmless seemingly, who has only to put a foot inside a restaurant to commence an immediate vendetta with every waiter who has the misfortune to serve her. Or the man who, on the strength of a penny ticket, acts as if he had bought the entire bus. Or the habitual late comer in theatres. Or those who have only to find themselves in a situation where silence, if not golden, is at least good manners, begin the usual brainless babbling of the tea-table. All these people would be ashamed even to try to achieve that most difficult feat of eating peas from a knife, yet, as far as bad manners go, they easily attain a far higher standard in boorishness. I have just been reading a most amusing and instructive book called "Good Manners and Bad" (Benn. 10s. 6d.), by Mr. Hugh Scott, and I don't think he has omitted one vulgarity practised by men and women who like to imagine themselves among the "superior" of this mixed mass one calls humanity. The trouble is, I fear, that none of those who ought first to read it will read it at all. They will mistake it for a book on etiquette, and of course they are far too well brought up to need a volume of that kind. But it isn't a book on etiquette at all. It is just an elaborate résumé of all the bad-mannered people we have ever encountered in our lives, the kind of people who from callousness, conceit, lack of true refinement, and innate vulgarity beneath the veneer of gentility, make social life so dreary and everyday life so offensive. Who has not met this woman, for example? "She is the lady who, seeing somebody with a book, regards it as an act of charity to sit down and converse, assuming as a matter of course that this will at least be a more agreeable alternative than reading. Not a bit of it. Such people not only exist but are very common. They honestly regard reading as the last desperate resource, to be adopted only

With Silent Friends

By RICHARD KING

in default of all other means of killing time, and genuinely believe that they are performing a kindly deed by coming to the rescue in such circumstances." Or, who has not met the "switcher"—people, generally women, who can never let anyone finish a sentence without being reminded of something else in the middle of it and so butting in on one's own monologue to hold, if possible, the conversational fort against us. Or the person suffering from "bossiness." "You mention, perhaps, that you are going to Switzerland for the winter sports, and such a one will immediately tell you where you must go, what route you must take, what hotel you must stay at, and so on, and so on; all on pain, of course, of incurring his serious displeasure, or at all events of disappointing him grievously if you do not adopt his suggestions." The trouble with Mr. Scott's book, however, is that everyone who reads it will yearn to present a copy of it to somebody else, and a few people will dare to do so in case their kindness be misconstrued. The fact is that we are *all of us* mirrored somewhere or other in his searching criticism of common conduct. Only some can take unto themselves pages and pages, and just a few only an odd paragraph here and there. But everybody should read it, and having read it, pass it on.

So that at last everyone would have a copy and the world would be a pleasanter place to live in. Unfortunately the book appeals to the social heart and not merely to the social veneer. It is not so much a manual upon how to handle royalty, as a manual on how to behave with common decency to other wayfarers in life. I fear that just the people who ought to read it—won't! It will be too much like looking into a looking-glass. However, at half-a-guinea there is hope. Invariably the worst-mannered people in the world are the people with money. They presume too much upon their income as a means to evade good manners. You have only to watch the behaviour of the stalls as opposed to the pit, or the monied traveller to those of smaller means, to know upon which foot the shoe of spiritual vulgarity pinches greater. Here at last, however, is a book of etiquette for the "best people."

And badly most of them need it. Mr. Scott can belabour most effectively, but he is always apropos of a common bore and he is often amusing. I loved, for example, this story illustrative of the manners of bad writing. Jane Loudon, a well-known authoress of her day, who specialized in horticulture, wrote to the Duke of Wellington asking permission to sketch "Waterloo Beeches" at Strathfield-say-e. The letter was duly received by the Duke, who

(Cont. on p. 154)



TOSCANINI AND SIEGFRIED WAGNER

Two celebrities—the former the great composer-conductor who was with us in London a short time ago, and the other the son of Richard Wagner—outside the Wagner Theatre, Bayreuth, where a Wagner season is to be played from July 22 to August 21.

A JEKYLL AND HYDE ACT

By George Belcher



"The mothers' meetin' outing was lovely, the vicar 'e laid aside the clergyman altogether that day, and was a perfect gentleman"

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

having read it, sat down and addressed the following reply to the Bishop of London: "F.M. the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to the Bishop of London. The Bishop is quite at liberty to make a sketch of the breeches which the Duke wore at Waterloo if they can be found; but the Duke is not aware that they differed in any way from the breeches which he generally wears." Briefly, "Good Manners and Bad" is an ideal book for the richer classes on the art of How To Behave.

Very Craftie Arts.

Yet, if you want to read an amusing book pure and simple, get hold of Mr. Jan Gordon's little volume, "Some Craftie Arts" (Morley and Michell Kennerley. 5s. 6d.). Mr. Gordon, while consulting the ponderous catalogues of the British Museum, suddenly came across the books listed under the word "Art," and was so amused by their quaint suggestiveness that he had to read most of them at once. Some belong to the earliest days of printing, others to more modern times.

Here are a few of their titles:

"The Art of keeping women Faithful," "The Art of making Boys," "The pleasant Art of money-catching," "The Art of Attracting Men," "The Art of Painting in Cheese," "The Art of making oneself happy by dreams—with the original recipes," and "The Noble Art of Venerie." The older arts are, perhaps, the more amusing. For example, you may "sin" without "sinning," that is, by dreams, if you "take the liver of a lamb one year old and cook it in three pints of camphorated eau-de-vie. Throw in a handful of juniper berries, and boil to dryness. . . . Make of it a warm bath for the limbs, in which you steep them for one quarter of an hour before you go to bed. Then look out for the result . . ." From an ancient manual on the "Arts of Love" there are some most entertaining examples. Thus a "gentleman" proposing to a farmer's daughter is advised to proceed as follows: "Demme, Miss Julia, if you ain't the prettiest girl I ever laid eyes on; and demme, if I couldn't be almost tempted to fall in love with you; only it would look odd for a gentleman with my figure and connections to introduce an awkward country wench into the brilliant circles I frequent . . ." Whereat, the young woman was advised to reply thus: "I wouldn't give a turnip for your coach or your footman. . . ." But quite apart from the amusing quaintness of its contents, the little book reveals some most interesting sidelights into the social world of previous centuries. As *compère* to this strange revue, Mr. Gordon is delightfully witty. Quite half the fun of his really funny book—the funnier because all the old writers were so serious, whether advising parents on how to beget boys or on how to keep wives faithful while their husbands are away—is the manner in which he links up his various discoveries in the more craftie arts.

Love Up to Date.

It is curious how so many modern novels are difficult to remember a week or two after you have read them. They may have amused you; they may have shown real cleverness on the part of the author; they may have absorbed your interest at the time. Yet they seem to leave no memory behind them. I suppose if you treat your imaginary world and your imaginary people superficially, however brilliantly done, neither of them ever does cut much ice in your life apart from a few hours' entertainment. It was so with Mr. Alec Waugh's new novel,



Young Lady (to gloomy swain): Wotever's come over yer to-night? Yer don't believe in pictures, and yer don't believe in sport, and yer don't believe in love nor the Government nor nothin'—you're a regular acrostic!

tion. There is no such thing as a safe subject."

I Wonder Why?

Vice can be made extraordinarily dull. In "Women and Monks" (Secker. 15s.), by Josef Kallinkov—it is! Half-a-million words all about the amours of monks in Russian monasteries. Disguised as a novel, but less convincing than a tract. An immense amount of research and labour wasted on something as lifeless as an old scandal between two nobodies. Such an interminable flow of words towards a purpose which never once becomes vital. Half its length, and written by an author who at least knew how to keep his characters consistent, the book might have been readable, even interesting. As it is there are only rare touches of humanity, the rest being a mass of animal passion weltering in an ocean of religiosity. The whole curiously made more commonplace by the deliberate, or seemingly deliberate, effort at fine writing. And nothing gained at the end of it except an interesting description in a monastery of the canonization of its founder's bones.

We wish to draw our readers' attention to an appeal on behalf of "The Friends of the Poor" on p. xviii of this issue

A WEDDING AND SOME OTHER PICTURES



AT THE ORR-EWING-FERGUSSON WEDDING: CAPTAIN THE HON. ALEXANDER AND LADY PATRICIA RAMSAY



ADMIRAL SIR MONTAGUE AND LADY BROWNING AND MISS BROWNING



ALSO AT THE ORR-EWING-FERGUSSON WEDDING: MAJOR AND MRS. LINDSAY HAY



AT THE BISHOP'S MANOR, SOUTHWELL: THE ARCHDEACON OF NOTTINGHAM, LADY SIBELL ARGLES, LADY CUNLIFFE, MRS. CONYBEARE, AND THE BISHOP OF SOUTHWELL

Howard Barrett



THE BISHOP OF ABERDEEN AND THE HON. MRS. F. L. DEANE

The three groups at the top were taken at last week's wedding in Chichester Cathedral of Miss Jean Fergusson, Admiral Sir James and Lady Fergusson's daughter, to Mr. Edward Lindsay Orr-Ewing, Black Watch, son of the late Mr. C. L. Orr-Ewing and Lady Augusta Inskip. The Senior Service and The Watch, whose pipers were present, were in great force naturally. Lady Patricia Ramsay gave the bride a beautiful diamond and ruby ring. Admiral Sir Montague Browning is a former Second Sea Lord and also commanded at Devonport. In the War he had the 3rd Cruiser and then the 4th Battle Squadron. Major Lindsay Hay is the tallest officer in the British Army and is 7 ft. 4½ in. The Bishop of Aberdeen and Orkney, the Right Rev. Frederic Llewellyn Deane's wedding to the Hon. Mrs. Erskine took place recently. The picture was taken at Beaulieu Abbey just before their wedding. The Bishop of Southwell, Notts, the Right Rev. Henry Mosley, was formerly Bishop of Stepney. The Archdeacon of Nottingham, the Ven. William James Conybeare, has held office since 1916. Lady Sibell Argles is a sister of Lord Manvers.



F. King & Co.

An interesting group of this highly-efficient unit recently taken at Cambridge. The names, left to right, are : Back row—F./Sergt. Hartley, Messrs. Leigh, Worth, Shields, Chase, Hill, Stewart, Moore, Holland, Aherne, Munro, Mitchell, Knight, Grazebrook, Brand, Bullman, Barrington, Sergt. Edwards. Centre—F./O. Nash, F./O. Walker, F./Lieut. French, D.F.C., W./Cmdr. Brown, Sqd./Ldr. Dalzell, F./Lieut. Traill, D.F.C., F./O. Ellison. Front row—Messrs. Earnshaw, Hayns, Warton, Shenstone, Parrish, Tripp, Seligman, Carmichael, Fairbairn

Prince George at Radlett.

IT is appropriate that almost all the large multi-engined personalities in the world of aviation should have attended the opening by Prince George of the new Handley Page aerodrome at Radlett. I doubt if there has ever before been such a concentration of nobility and notability in flying ; Lord Thomson, Lord Trenchard, Sir Walter Nicholson, Sir Sefton Brancker, Sir John Higgins, Mr. F. Montague, Captain F. E. Guest, Colonel Bitossi, Colonel Smeysters, and representatives of important foreign Powers were there. Mr. A. S. Butler flew over in his Puss Moth, and so did Captain Broad, while Major Brackley came in the Belgian Handley Page machine. Prince George, piloted by Squadron-Leader Don, in a Westland Wapiti, arrived with his escorting machines exactly according to time-table. He was received by Mr. Worley and Mr. Handley Page, and he immediately performed the opening ceremony.

In his address Prince George put forward an interesting suggestion as to the probable course of transport development in the future and the part aviation is likely to play in it. He said that the pressure on ground space was fast becoming excessive and that the only way to relieve it would be by diverting passenger traffic to the air. He predicted that one day all heavy goods transport would be by road and rail, and that passengers would go by air. The private car, he thought, would eventually be confined to terminal communications, the conveyance of passengers from the aerodromes to the doors of their houses. Finally he pointed out that the rate of progress in aviation depended more upon the provision of new aerodromes than on anything else. In differentiating between the two kinds of traffic, heavy goods and passenger, Prince George directed attention towards a most hopeful avenue for the relief of congestion. Aviation should concentrate upon passenger and special mail traffic, and there is no doubt that if it keeps to this part it will in time monopolize it, and the railways will be forced to concentrate on goods traffic. The Prince's prediction will then come to pass, and we shall not only have efficient passenger traffic but also—a matter of commercial importance—efficient goods traffic.

After the Prince's address there was a short flying display by Squadron-Leader England, who started it with the effective manoeuvre of flying the Gugnunc straight out of the shed. It was off the ground almost by the time it had reached the door. The new night-bomber was also flown. It is the cleanest design of heavy bombing aircraft that has been produced, and although it was not flown at full throttle at the Radlett opening, it should be fast if its

lines and the small cross-sectional area of the fuselage are anything to go by. Luncheon was served in a tent on the aerodrome, and in the fine weather it was an ideal place for it.

Norfolk and Norwich Aero Club.

On Saturday there is the Norfolk and Norwich Aero Club's pageant, starting at 2.30 and going on to five. It has been arranged with the greatest care and promises well. It is impossible to forecast the quality of an air pageant. The weather or one hundred other things may upset the best-planned programme. But this much can be said of the Norwich pageant, that everything possible to make it a notable success has been done, and that already most of the people interested in aviation who are not on the International Tour have promised to attend. Vast numbers of private owners will be rendering themselves at Household aerodrome on the 26th.

By the time these notes appear news should be coming through of the seven British entrants for the International Touring Competition. They are Miss W. Spooner, Lady Bailey, Captain Broad, Mr. A. S. Butler, Mr. Thorn, Mr. Rose, and Mr. Andrews. There will be four Gipsy Moths, one Hermes-Avian, one Robinson Redwing, and one Spartan Arrow. The total distance is 5,000 miles, and the start and finish are in Berlin. Heston and Bristol are the controls in England. This is the first time the tour has passed through England. Certainly the British entrants include some of our finest pilots, so that there is not much doubt that they will acquitted themselves well.

Brooklands Aero Club.

Price George has consented to become an honorary member of the Brooklands Aero Club, so that his belief in the future of aviation takes a very practical form. Although it was formed only about two months ago, the club has already a membership of nearly a hundred, including Sir Horace Plunkett, the Earl of March, Sir Philip Wigham Richardson, Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg, Captain F. E. Guest, and Captain Birkin. Mr. C. S. Burney is the secretary. He was with Captain De Havilland in the earliest days of aviation, and he has played a part in almost every form of mechanized sport. The club provides the fourth place within easy reach of London where flying may be indulged in, and the cost for members is low—only £2 an hour.

The British Gliding Association tells me that there are now no fewer than eighteen gliding clubs in the country, and that more are still being formed. The demonstrations of Herr Magersuppe and Herr Kronfeld in the Midlands and in the North have been most successful.



H.R.H. PRINCE GEORGE AND SQUADRON-LEADER DON

H.R.H. dismounting from his Westland Wapiti plane at the new Handley Page Aerodrome at Radlett. H.R.H. Prince George performed the opening ceremony at Radlett, where numerous flying celebrities were present

PRINCESS GEORGE
IMERETINSKY

LADY ANNE HOPE

The Bloom of Youth

As Seen by
the Camera

Portraits by Dorothy Wilding
and Marcus Adams



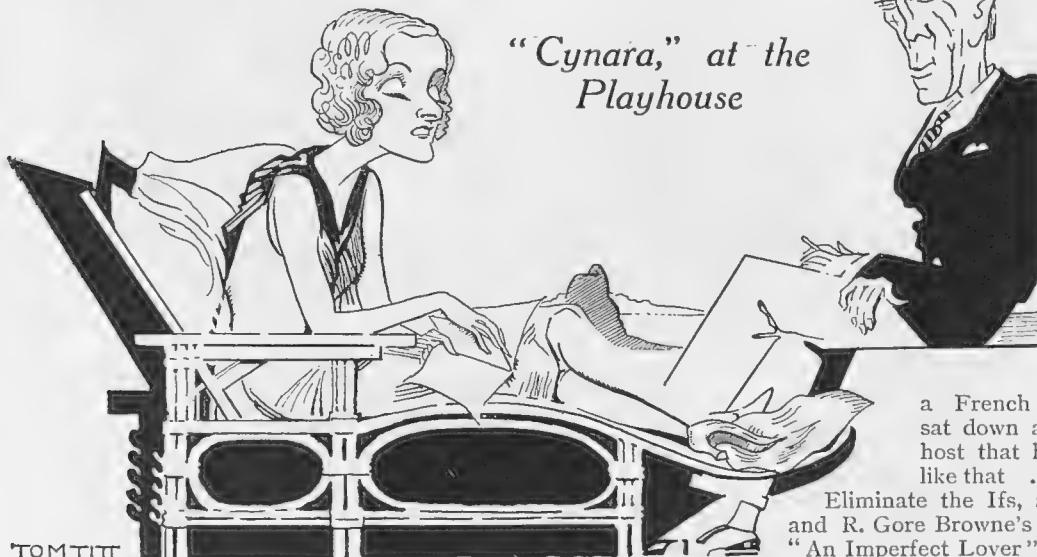
LADY JOAN HOPE

In two years' time Lady Linlithgow will have an additional occupation added to her already long list, for she will be launching on the social world her eldest daughter, Lady Anne Hope, who is now sixteen. Lady Joan is a year younger, and, as can be observed from these portraits, both sisters have a liberal share of good looks. Lord and Lady Linlithgow's family are all athletically inclined, and their younger twin son, Lord John Hope, won the school mile as well as the half mile at Eton last half

Sir John and Lady Mullens' daughter was married to Prince George Imeretinsky at seventeen, and is one of London's youngest hostesses. She has naturally been fully occupied with the Season's gaieties, but in spite of dancing into the small hours she is almost invariably to be found taking quite early morning exercise in the Row. Princess George Imeretinsky usually rides a nice chestnut, and dispenses with a hat. One of her winter activities is skating, and last February at St. Moritz she passed her gold medal test with ease

THE PASSING SHOWS

"Cynara," at the Playhouse



TOMTITT

A BALCONY AT CAPRI

This is the prologue—Jim Warlock (Sir Gerald du Maurier) and his wife, Clemency (Miss Gladys Cooper), contemplating the ruins of seven years of blissfully happy marriage. Jim's sordid affaire with a shopgirl, begun so lightly, has ended in the girl's suicide and a damning rider by the coroner's jury against her "seducer"



TOMTITT

HOW IT BEGAN

Jim, paragon of all the married virtues, says good-bye, ever so nicely, to Clemency before she hurries her younger sister away to Aix. That Bright Young Thing threatens to spend a week-end with a stunt film-actor and must, at all costs, be removed from temptation

THE triangle would lose some of its eternity, and the Divorce Courts much of their overcrowding, if people went through life avoiding all the obvious snares and delusions. The trouble is that what sticks out a foot in other people's affairs never dawns on our own consciousness until too late. If only we could get outside our own skins and look at things from a spectator's point of view. . . . But that would make life too easy. Besides, one is forgetting the main element of danger—chance.

I have forgotten my Greek history, but I remember learning about a gentleman who poked his head through the port-hole of a Greek trireme. Whether this gesture was accompanied by an offensive remark or whether the protruding countenance was in itself a *casus belli*, memory fails to recall. But the upshot of this trifling incident was a naval battle (whose name escapes me) which certainly changed the face of history and probably the owner of the head. It is easy to steer clear of a bonfire in full blaze; the difficult thing is to attach significance to the first stray spark.

The Warlocks were happily married. Seven years; no children. The italics are significant. Jim (Sir Gerald du Maurier),

TOMTITT
THE SHOPGIRL SPRAINS HER ANKLE IN THE SWIMMING-BATH

Doris (Miss Celia Johnson) meets Jim for the second time—at the opening of the new public baths in her suburb. Jim performs the opening ceremony, and, quite rightly, gives her the prize in the Beauty Competition. The sprained ankle calls for a lift home in Jim's car, and the infatuation on both sides is in full swing

a prosperous barrister, modest, tender-hearted, the perfect husband. Clemency (Miss Gladys Cooper), lovely, charming, the perfect wife. The "Ifs" happened unexpectedly, as they always do. If Clemency's sister Gorla (Miss Ann Todd) hadn't purposed week-ending in Paris with an acrobatic film actor, whom she couldn't marry for several reasons, one of them being twins; if Clemency hadn't decided to whisk her off to Aix at the shortest of short notice, leaving Jim alone in London; if that Machiavellian old satyr, the Hon. John Tring (Mr. Campbell Gullan), hadn't been dining with the Warlocks that night; if he and Jim hadn't gone off to eat snails and garlic in Soho; if two little shopgirls from a French dressmaker's in Greek Street hadn't sat down at the next table; if Jim hadn't told his host that he had "nothing in common" with girls like that . . .

Eliminate the Ifs, and *Cynara*—Messrs. H. M. Harwood's and R. Gore Browne's dramatized version of the latter's novel, "An Imperfect Lover"—would not be engaging our attention at the moment. "I have been faithful to thee, Cynara, in my fashion," is the quotation from which the play takes its title. It would serve as the universal epigram for nice-natured husbands. Fidelity, with the best will in the world, is mainly a matter of opportunity. Temptation is the only test of virtue. The good man, when he falls, falls hardest. He has too much conscience.

What happened to Jim and Doris (Miss Celia Johnson) is all perfectly natural and plausible. What isn't so natural and plausible is Tring, with his glib philosophy and *savoir faire*. It amused this calculating son of Satan to take up the challenge of Jim's vaunted impregnability. The authors, one feels, might safely have left things in the hands of chance. Tring, for all Mr. Gullan's cut-and-dried polish, is rather an incredible person, though less incredible, perhaps, than scene 3. Tring, acting for a friend who is nursing the constituency, persuades Jim to open the public baths at Farmer's Green. This suburb is twenty-five minutes by tube from Leicester Square. Doris and her friend Milly (Miss Dorice Fordred) are among its population of twenty-two thousand. They share "digs" together. I suppose it's just possible that Farmer's Green would have contented itself with a perfect stranger, and he not even a knight, for the opening ceremony. Possibly the local maidens, including, of course, Doris and Milly, would have foregathered in bathing-dresses for

a beauty competition to be judged, single-handed, by the said stranger. But I doubt it. I fancy Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies or Mr. Laddie Cliff



"I'VE GOT A FEELING I'M FALLING . . ."

Jim dismisses his Derby Day taxi and stays on alone with Doris at her flat in Farmer's Green until resistance breaks down. Both know the rules of the game, but Doris turns the affair into a passionate idyll of deadly seriousness

and the Gaiety Chorus would have undertaken the preliminary plunge in the mutual cause of publicity.

This scene has been fastened on as the weak spot in the play. Perhaps, but there are eleven scenes in *Cynara*, and any play which follows the episodic method of *Many Waters* is up against the law of average. The best scenes throw their weaker brethren into strong relief. The best that can be said about the Baths Episode is that it has a certain novelty and an easy humour. A councillor's wife is heard murdering a ballad (by Mr. Noel Coward) entitled "Good-bye you Daffodils." A "no-stud" crank, a cockney publicity man, and an ex-barmaid mother of one of the competitors made up like a pantomime dame, add to the comic relief. These tiny parts are well played. In the end Jim awards the prize to Doris, a perfectly just decision, for anything more adorable than Miss Celia Johnson in a bathing-suit cannot be imagined. Doris rather mysteriously sprained her ankle, and Jim drives her home in his two-seater, while Millie scowls disapproval and Tring chuckles cynically. The spell is working.

Act II, scene 1, is definitely good. Jim has brought Doris home to her humble flat after a blissful day at the Derby. Jim thought their meeting at Epsom was a chance affair, but Tring had dropped the necessary hint to the girls. Doris is openly in love. Jim's attitude is clear but honourable. He puts up a brave fight against two sets of desperate odds. Doris, firstly, is not immaculate. She had yielded to some man when she was seventeen—youth's *quid pro quo* for dinners and theatre tickets. And Doris, secondly, is Miss Celia Johnson, and if that says nothing, go and see for yourself. You will not see a chocolate-box beauty but someone very fresh and young and appealing, who is, besides, an actress.

Scene 2, Doris week-ending with Jim in an ecstasy of happiness at a country inn, is weak. Shopgirls, even if they are as nice as Doris, do not throw off wistful soliloquies about understanding gardens and the bitterness of lovers who never come back quite so readily and charmingly. Scene 3, Clemency's bedroom, is on a different level. Clemency has been away six weeks. She expects to be kissed, she expects . . . You can almost see Jim's conscience hammering away inside him. You can read the thoughts that usher in his aloof goodnight. Clemency's face, as she sinks back on her pillow, is an open book.

Scene 4 is only a flash, heralding the end. Jim and Doris on a seat in Kensington Gardens. It has been raining. Doris is wet

through. She has been sacked. Jim offers money; promises to meet her in two days' time—if he can. Scene 5 gives Miss Dorice Fordred a brief chance to show her mettle. Milly has come to plead for her friend. Jim mentions blackmail and threatens to send for the police. Suddenly a police inspector is announced. He has a letter of Jim's. Doris is dead. Salts of lemon. Her employer had given it to her to clean the frock which she had ruined with a cup of tea.

Act III is the coroner's court, and then back to Capri for the epilogue. The court scene is good enough, but should—would—Jim put up so tame a defence? He was not the first seducer—but that was Doris's secret, and not to be given away—nor even the second, for Doris had gone into the game with her eyes open. The jury's rider damned him to social extinction. In Capri Tring turned up to discuss in person his offer of a job in Tanganyika. It was good of him. He bombarded Clemency with a string of epigrams and a wealth of sardonic reasoning. Women, he said, *will* insist on changing the stakes half-way through the game. Nature, he said, took no notice of a man's little bouts of "superfluous energy." Clemency retorted that his new phrase for adultery left her cold. Things that make amusing conversation, she said, weren't a bit funny when they happened in one's own life. She couldn't see that Jim could have done what he did and still loved her; that things like that make no difference.

Who shall blame her? Tring half won her over by asking her to imagine that Jim had left her never to return. Jim did the rest by saying in effect, "No more pity; if life together is to go on it must be because you want me, not because you are sorry for me." And Clemency wanted him. Forget Tring, and here, in uneven slices, is a fragment of life, keyed to the surface but going deeper if you care to probe it. Not a great play, perhaps not even a good one. But a very pleasant stirring of the ripples on a familiar pool whose waters run deep but never dry.

And enough implied Do's and Don'ts to make a whole book of wisdom.

Miss Gladys Cooper handles her small but effective part with immaculate charm and finesse. Sir Gerald is in his element as the very human and humane sinner; Miss Fordred is spirited and sincere; Miss Ann Todd's inconstant nymph could not be better or more brightly done; and Miss Celia Johnson, to complete the trio of young people given its fling by the discerning powers-that-be, plays with that eager, sensitive spirit which, fluttering between laughter and tears, is youth's secret and enchantment. "TRINCULA."



PLAIN SPEAKING BY THE CANDID FRIEND

Doris' friend, Milly (Miss Dorice Fordred), has no illusions in her cockney philosophy about middle-aged "gentlemen" in comfortable circumstances who take advantage of shopgirls. Jim has broken with Doris, and Doris, with an empty purse and a broken heart, has lost her job. Milly, careless of blackmail, bursts in on Jim and gives her tongue full rein—too late. Doris, meanwhile, has committed suicide



THE WISDOM OF THE SERPENT

Back to Capri again—for the epilogue. The Hon. John Tring (Mr. Campbell Gullan) uses his cynical store of worldly knowledge to convince Clemency that Jim's infidelity has not affected his love. The logic is not too convincing from the woman's point of view, but in the end Jim and Clemency start life anew, and Tring thus makes amends for deliberately leading Jim into temptation

LOOKERS-ON AT LORD'S



LADY CURZON OF KEDLESTON AND HER NEPHEW, JACK MUNROE HINDS



LADY BIRKENHEAD AND HER YOUNGER DAUGHTER, LADY PAMELA SMITH



LADY (NEVILLE) PEARSON AND HER SON, JOHN BUCKMASTER



LADY ANNALY, THE HON. ELIZABETH WHITE, AND THE HON. LUKE WHITE



LADY OSSORY, LORD THURLES, AND LADY MOYRA BUTLER



MRS. HILTON PHILIPSON AND HER ONLY DAUGHTER

Times may change and customs with them, but the Eton and Harrow match never fails to reproduce annually the features which tradition associates with this great contest. Pretty persons providing a pageantry of frocks, debonair young gentlemen in dazzling toppers and wonderful waistcoats, proud parents marshalling parties for lunch and tea, cheerful coach-loads, meetings by appointment under the clocks, perpetual pedestrianism by those with a passion for sociability, and—the raison d'être of the gathering with its ceaseless accompaniment of vocal encouragement. Fashion repeated the stir created by Ascot outfits, but this page presents people who realized the value of simplicity. Lady Curzon was looking particularly well, and Lady Birkenhead and her daughter both wore flowered chiffon with good effect. Lady Pearson too had refused to go to extravagant lengths, and her Etonian son must have thoroughly approved of her appearance. Lady Annaly brought her children to Lord's, and Lord Thurles, who is at Harrow, was escorting his mother and only sister. Mrs. Hilton Philipson was naturally favouring Eton, her husband having been at this seat of learning

WHERE ETON BEAT HARROW

MISS BRIDGEMAN AND LADY ASHLEY
SHOWED FASHION'S DIVERSITYLORD AND LADY GRIMTHORPE
AND THE HON. JOHN BECKETTMISS POLE-CAREW AND
SIR WILLIAM GOWERDR. ALEXANDER, THE HEADMASTER
OF ETON, AND HIS DAUGHTERSTHE DUKE AND DUCHESS
OF MONTROSE ARRIVINGLORD AND LADY ANGLESEY
AND LADY CAROLINE PAGET

The fact that Eton was successful in its 101st encounter with the denizens of the Hill, thereby bringing the total of victories up to forty-one, was well to the liking of several people represented on this page, those with light blue sympathies being in the majority. Lord Grimthorpe, for instance, was at Eton himself, and his eldest son has been there about two years. Miss Pole-Carew's brother, Sir John Pole, is an old Etonian, and so are the Duke of Montrose and Lord Anglesey. The Duke of Montrose, by the way, was this year elected a member of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. Dr. Alington, Eton's popular headmaster, was appointed to this onerous post in 1916, after being headmaster of Shrewsbury for eight years. His wife is a sister of the Rev. the Hon. Edward Lyttelton, whom he succeeded at Eton. Dr. and the Hon. Mrs. Alington have two sons and four daughters. Lady Caroline Paget is the eldest of Lord and Lady Anglesey's family and will presumably be coming out next year. Lord Anglesey has dismantled his Staffordshire place, Beau Desert, on Cannock Chase, and now lives entirely at Plas Newydd, his seat in Anglesey.



MISS FIFI D'ORSAY

A young Fox film star with a large-size ring on a finger, which as a rule indicates a particular engagement. Miss D'Orsay has had a good success in that amusing film, "They Had To See Paris," and another of the same genre, "Hot From Paris."

journed there for a swim and breakfast. Yes, there's a refreshment bar. There is also a telephone which enabled us to get in touch with our various maids and varlets and thus obtain garments more fitted for the time of the day. Although the Molitor opened last autumn it is really only this summer that I have realized quite what a very pleasant place it is. Such a boon to a city where the ordinary "municipal baths" are really NOT the thing at all at all. So agreeable on these sultry days . . . or rather mornings, for later, of course, when the rush begins about nine o'clock, it requires half-a-dozen policemen to regulate the traffic, and one has to wait "whiles" for a cabin which, if one loathes crowds as much as I do—though I believe I am an exception to the rule—is rather a warm job. A great innovation is a system of cleverly arranged barrages that prevent people from crowding to the edge of the bath while they are still in street clothes and dusty, dirty-soled shoes; even in bathing-kit one is obliged to pass through the "shower room" (hot and cold) so that by the time one reaches the swimming-pool itself one is as near perfect godliness as it is possible to be.

* * * * *

But to revert to the party that kept us, so willingly, from our little white cribs. It was given by Jane Aubert at her very nice home just outside Paris. Her place—le Château des Tourelles—is one of those agreeable dwellings that combine the genuine-real-old-antique, so pleasantly mellow to the eye, with the Very Modern. The genuine-old-etc.-etc. forms the interior of the big entrance-hall and the living-rooms. Modern is the spacious bedroom the boudoir, and bath-room, but not bleakly so, while the American Bar (follow the guide downstairs, again, please) opening on to the terrace overlooking the gardens, comes straight from the Arts Décoratifs in its most frozen mood, which, of course, is as it should be. Tepid drinks are the most damnable thing on earth.

* * * * *

Sad that this was a good-bye party. Jane, always on the hop, is off to the States again. Since her husband, Colonel Nelson Morris, who forbids her to "mount on the planks" so long as she is his wife, has had this ukase enforced by the French courts, Jane can no longer appear on the stage in France. She has just had a very successful tour in Italy, Austria, Belgium, and Switzerland; but New York now wants her, and who can resist the call of the dollar when one is divorcing a millionaire husband? In New York Jane Aubert is to play the rôle created by Delysia in the London production of *Princess Charming*, while the part of the Princess will be sung by Danielle Brégis, another French actress. It seems there is a crisis in the French theatre world; certainly half the theatres

Priscilla in Paris

Good morning, Très Cher. Hope you're feeling as perky as I am, although I've been up all night. I'm just home from such a jolly party. It started yesterday, early evening, but when dawn and then daylight found us still at it, a good few of us decided that it really was not worth going home to bed at all. The Piscine Molitor opens at seven o'clock so we add-

in Paris have closed down much earlier than usual this year; thus are the States able to snatch our leading lassies. True that we have, in exchange, two very delightful American ladies. La Meri and Hope Hampton. La Meri is the American dancer—she is also the author of several novels and a volume of verse—who had such a success when she gave her first dance recital at the Salle d'Iena in May that she was asked to create the mimed rôle of Cassandra in André Stirling's *Tragédie de Cassandra* at the Ouvre theatre in June. Almost immediately afterwards we found her dancing at the Château de Madrid.

* * * * *

As I write this the 'ammer, 'ammer, 'ammer of the municipal workmen at the street corners, who are putting up the municipal music booths for the 14th of July celebrations, come to me through the open window. To-morrow the people start celebrating the fall of the Bastille (1789 . . . at least I think so ! ! !). *Panem et circenses!* Only in the year 1930 the cry sounds more like "Ice-cream and polkas"! Yes, good old jiggery polkas. Amazing isn't it? Jazz also, but only after a fashion. Waltzes and polkas are preferred, though I won't swear that the young ones in the crowd actually dance the old-fashioned dances to the old-fashioned tunes!! I have not made up my mind yet whether I shall stick it out or not. My desires are divided between Deauville, the Farm, and Le Touquet, but the glass is falling, and between so many stools I expect I shall fall also! Writing of *villégiatures* I hear that our Princesses and Princes of Paris Trade are turning their eyes Lido-wards



more than ever this year. Jean Patou will find a rival party given in Coco Chanel, who has taken a palace at Venice, and Antoine, the famous "capillary artiste" also intends to roam on the shores of the Adriatic, both as coiffeur and *chomme d'u monde*. What multi-coloured nails in perspective!—Love, Très. Cher., PRISCILLA.

MILLE. YVONNE PRINTEMPS

By "June"

Lady Inverclyde ("June") here discloses herself as a very clever caricaturist, for the impression of Sacha Guitry's fascinating little wife is most admirable. Many in "the profession" are excellent artists; Sir Henry Lytton notably so, and Miss Binnie Hale has also the gift of caricature—and there are others also

BY THE SHORES OF THE BLUE SEA



ALL AT MONTE: MISS PEGGY JOYCE



MISS GERTRUDE LAWRENCE



MME. JEAN ACKER VALENTINO



AT THE LIDO: M. AND MADAME TITULESCU

From Monte to the Lido apparently the late Mr. Buchan, that adept at cold spells, holds no sway at all—or as might be said ‘cuts no ice’—because the sun hardly ever fails to shine and give beautiful persons the fashionable tan. In this page of celebrities are Miss Peggy Joyce, whose latest novel has the intriguing title, “Marriage, Men and Me”; Miss Gertrude Lawrence, who has retired to her villa, La Caponcina, at Monte Carlo, Cap Fleurie, to study Noel Coward’s new comedy, the title of which is “Private Lives”; and Mme. Jean Acker Valentino, who was the famous cinema star’s first wife, an American whose maiden name was Acker. The other two pictures are at the Lido. M. Titulescu, the Roumanian Ambassador to London, is a very faithful patron of this restful spot, and he and Mme. Titulescu were caught by the camera even before they had time to get into their hotel. M. Ralph Benatzky, also at the Lido with his wife, is a famous composer



M. AND MADAME RALPH BENATZKY

HOW TO AQUA-PLANE !



LADY CASTLEROSS AT COWES

This season at Cowes promises to be a bigger and better one than ever, and both the land and amphibious population is already in strong force. Lady Castlerosse, the beautiful wife of Lord Castlerosse, whose journalistic diligence excites so much admiration, was Miss Doris Delavigne. Her husband is the Earl of Kenmare's son and heir. In spite of all the "Shamrock V" trials in the Solent being over, there is a certainty of some good racing, and with His Majesty the King again sailing in that gallant old ship "Britannia," and "Astra"—another of the big class—being luckily in commission again, as Sir Howard Frank bought her from the executors of the late Sir Mortimer Singer, there ought to be no dearth in that class, and there is not in the other smaller classes either. The weather has only to behave royally to make it an ideal Royal regatta



LE COQUILLAGE

From the picture in the Paris Salon. By Roganeau

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THE AGA'S HOUR!
LEADING IN HIS DERBY WINNER, BLENHEIM (HARRY WRAGG)

The Aga Khan, to whom no one ever begrudges any success, achieved his darling ambition when he won this year's Derby with Blenheim, who was ridden by an "outside" jockey, Harry Wragg, Felstead's pilot in 1928, Michael Beary, the stable jockey, electing to ride the Aga's other one, Rustom Pasha. The two colts ran absolutely on their merits, and by the express desire of the owner, who never bets, had not been tried together before the race. Blenheim next runs in the Eclipse and in the Leger, but the end of this season finishes his racing career, as he is then to be retired to the stud, as last year's winner, Trigo, was, and as also was Felstead.



LOW TIDE—NEAR

From the picture in the Royal Institute of Painters

1930



EAR DYMCHURCH

Painters by E. W. Haslehust, R.I., R.B.A., R.B.C.



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Amidst the "Inns" and outs of Life Player's Please

“STILLS” FROM THE MOVIES

GIVING THE TROUT A TREAT—
LORETTA YOUNG

The supply of decorative young women in filmland appears to be literally inexhaustible, and each collection we get from Hollywood seems to be more entrancingly lovely than the last. If little Jean Arthur has not yet played Peter Pan it is high time that she did. The picture in this page is merely a posed one for the photographer. Her publicity agent says of Loretta Young, who is fishing a hill stream somewhere near Hollywood, that “when she is not emoting for the movies she is fishing for the speckled big ones.” That agent sure earns his stipend. Mary Brian’s real name is Dantzler, which is not at all Irish-sounding, and she was born in Texas. She has “starred” in the film version of “Peter Pan” made in 1925. Richard Arlen is no relation of another gentleman of the same name, as he is 100 per cent American and stands about 6 ft. in his vamps. His first big film—in 1926—was that thrilling thing, “Wings,” and the leading lady was Jobyna Ralston, who very shortly afterwards became Mrs. Arlen.



A PRETTY “PETER”—JEAN ARTHUR



MARY BRIAN AND RICHARD ARLEN IN “BURNING UP”

SPORTING OCCASIONS AT CHEPSTOW AND NEWMARKET



AT THE WELSH DERBY: Left—LORD AND LADY GLANUSK, Centre—LADY MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU AND MRS. HARCOURT-VERNON. Right—MISS HELLIER AND COMMANDER F. W. TALBOT-PONSONBY

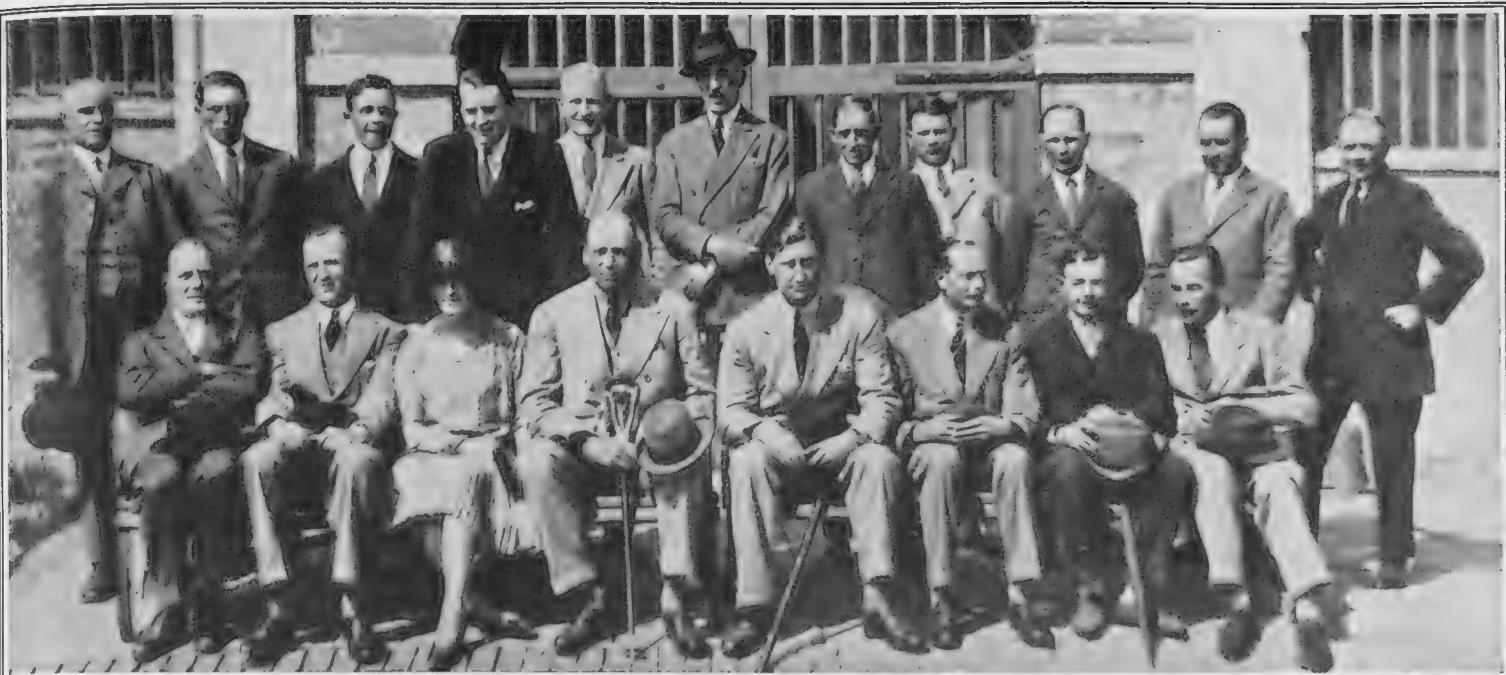


LADY FITZWILLIAM AND MR. VICTOR GILPIN AT THE NEWMARKET SALES



ALSO AT NEWMARKET: COLONEL BAILLIE OF DOCHFOUR, MISS SYBIL HARE, BARONESS BURTON, AND MISS NORAH WILMOT

Good fields featured at the Chepstow July Meeting, at which the Welsh Derby and Welsh Oaks are run. The result of the former race was a big disappointment to Commander Talbot-Ponsonby, whose Rear-Admiral was an odds-on favourite for this event, but could only achieve second place. Lord Glanusk is Brecknockshire's Lord-Lieutenant, and owns Glanusk Park, near Crickhowell. Lady Montagu is the widow of the 2nd Lord Montagu of Beaulieu who died last year. The remaining pictures were taken at the Second July Sales, the opening day of which is devoted to breeding stock. Mr. Victor Gilpin trains at Newmarket, and Lady Fitzwilliam knows more about horses than most people. Colonel Baillie owns Dochfour in Inverness-shire, and he and his wife, Lady Burton, will be going up there shortly. Miss Wilmot is Sir Robert Wilmot's second daughter



Howard Barrett

ROYALTY AT THE BELVOIR PUPPY SHOW

H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, who hunts very frequently with the Duke of Rutland's hounds, honoured the Joint Masters by attending the recent puppy show at the famous kennels near Belvoir Castle. The names in the group are: (Seated)—Mr. Isaac Bell (Master S. and W. Wilts), the Duke of Beaufort, M.F.H., Lady Harrington, M.F.H., Colonel F. G. D. Colman and Mr. Charles Tonge (Joint Masters the Belvoir), H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, Lord Conyers (ex-Master of the Brocklesby), and Captain Horton; at back are included—Walter Wilson (ex-huntsman to the Quorn), H. Laud (Blankney), Captain Hilton Green (Joint Master of the Meynell), Colonel W. J. Lockett (centre), Fred Holland (Old Berks huntsman), George Barker (Quorn), George Tongue (Belvoir), and Tom Newman (Beaufort)



Bale

SOME OF THE PYTCHELBY FUTURE ENTRY: With John Lowther, Betsy Perkins, Jeremy and Michael Tree, and Bridget Lowther



Truman Howell

AT CHEPSTOW RACES: (Seated)—Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Lysaght, Lord Lonsdale, and Lady Hughes Morgan; (standing)—Sir David Hughes Morgan, Miss Denny, Mr. Desmond Lysaght, and Mr. W. R. Lysaght

The Belvoir do not have a puppy show in the usual acceptance of that term, but a number of masters of hounds and famous huntsmen usually forgather to have a run through the young entry to be. Mr. Charles Tonge, the senior Joint Master, has done wonders in the kennel and out of it, and has now, as his new Joint, Colonel Colman, who is very well known in the Shires. Lieut.-Colonel and the Hon. Mrs. J. G. Lowther's and Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Tree's children are in charge of some future Pytchley hopes at the kennels at Brixworth. Colonel Lowther and Mr. Ronald Tree are the Joint Masters, and put up a great show in spite of the handicap of the Brixworth Kennels, which are not exactly a fox-hound health resort. The country is far freer from wire nowadays than a great many. Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Lysaght had the house-party in the group for race-week at Chepstow, and the country-house cricket at Newby was as pleasant as that sort of thing always is



NEWBY HALL CRICKET WEEK: The group includes Mrs. Compton (third from right), Lord Grimthorpe, Mr. Graham (left), Lady Graham, Mrs. Sykes, and (behind) Mr. E. Lane-Fox

POLO NOTES

By "Serrefile"



THE 17/21 LANCERS' SUBALTERNS' TEAM

Winners of the Subalterns' Gold Cup at Hurlingham this year, beating the 5th D.G.'s 13 to 5. This is the sixth time since 1924 that the 17/21 Subalterns have won it. Last year they were bowled out by the Gunners. The names, left to right, and the order in which they played in the final, are: Mr. O. C. B. Smith-Bingham (1), Mr. R. B. B. Cooke (2), Mr. D. C. J. Miller (3), and Mr. H. C. Walford (back). All bar the No. 1 are in the regimental team.

The Eighth International Trial played at the Beaufort Hunt Polo Club at Norton, Wilts, on July 12, was a quite negative performance, and the very mediocre exhibition by the "England" team, understandable only on the supposition that the side were under orders not to knock the ponies about so close on to the date of their departure. This I think is the only possible view to take, and I believe it to be a fairly accurate one. It has got to be recognized that the real winding-up must be done in America, and that having, as we all believe, found six people from whom a good team can be put together, Captain Tremayne is fully justified in doing no more than keep them and their ponies where he has got them. The sides were these:

England—Captain R. George, Mr. G. Balding, Captain C. T. I. Roark, and Mr. L. L. Lacey (back).

Bridge House—Captain A. W. M. S. Pilkington, Captain M. J. Kingscote, Captain C. H. Tremayne, and Mr. H. P. Guinness (back).

England doddered home by 5 to 3 in a game that went off at half-cock. The scratch team was not of the weight to beat even a first-class regimental side, and this I think tells the short story of what happened, even if there were not one or two other things which prove that the form was quite wrong. Even if the fact were not self-evident collateral form proves that in this game the International team were not putting it all in. In a way this is a pity, because it is apt to lessen our national polo morale. We know that if the England team had been having a real go it ought to have won by something more like 15 to 3 than 5 to 3, and as one unit of it, at any rate, was supposed to be in it for the express reason of playing himself in and deciding whether he (Captain George) or Mr. Aidan Roark is to be England's first choice for No. 1, I think it is a pity that a real fight was not arrangeable. I see that one of my colleagues says that this game decided the matter of England's No. 1. Personally I think it will be wiser to wait a bit before going as far as all that. My own view is that this Eighth Trial was a sheer waste of time, because the trial horse was not of sufficient class to stretch the neck of the real candidate. Some race-horses will not win a yard farther than they need do, and I think that the conditions in this match were exactly that. This was the same team as was tried in real earnest in the Fourth Trial on May 24 at Hurlingham. Its goal strength is 31, and on that occasion it was put up-sides with a 32 goal team, which was this: Mr. S. Sanford (1), Mr. L. L. Lacey (2), Major E. G. Atkinson (3), and Colonel P. K. Wise (back)—a strong

team but a badly mixed one, as it was composed of two backs (and even three, as Major Atkinson is one), and a genuine No. 1 (Mr. Sanford). England won by 8 to 6, and some of us thought ought to have won a bit farther. This team at Norton on Saturday, which was allowed to be beaten only by 5 to 3, was a 24-goal side. The conclusion to be drawn is a pretty obvious one. However, let us sit tight and not encourage anyone to get the wind up. The real story will begin to be told when whatever team Captain Tremayne eventually selects is put against something really hot in Long Island.

Major L. Avery, writing in "The Evening News," discussed the rather thread-bare problem of how to make polo as popular with the British public as it is and has been for many years past with the American one, said that:

A tradition has grown up that interest and knowledge of the game are restricted to those with well-lined pockets. Yet actually there is no real reason why polo should not be shared and enjoyed by all in the same way as football, cricket, or lawn tennis.

It is true that ponies are comparatively scarce, and that the first-class players are not always of the wealthy class, and this state of affairs is likely to continue so long as we confine polo to a few well-to-do devotees.

When the game first started over fifty years ago this attitude may have been all right, but to-day exclusiveness in sport means stagnation.

With the exception that polo started some centuries ago, all this is more rather than less true. The public in England which knows all about football, cricket, and lawn tennis is not as large where polo is concerned compared to that of America, where it is that country's second game, baseball of course being America's first, for two main reasons: (1) we have not as many people playing polo as America has, and (2) the game in this country gets only about a hundredth part of the publicity. In America it is difficult to pick up a paper which does not devote a great deal of its space to polo, especially when any important tournaments are toward, such as, say, the American Open Championship, the Monte Waterbury Cup, the North v. South Cup and, of course, the International v. England. Here at the moment I doubt whether more than 10 to 15 per cent. of our

(Continued on p. xii)



THE 5TH DRAGOON GUARDS' SUBALTERNS' TEAM

The runners-up in this year's Subalterns' polo, in which the 17/21 Lancers, with three of their regimental team in, beat them 13 to 5. The 5th D.G.'s went pretty well all through the tournament, but their conquerors in the final were a bit too heavy metal. The names and positions in the above picture are: Mr. F. P. Sangster (1), Mr. M. P. Ansell (2), Mr. C. F. Keightley (3), and Mr. A. B. G. Scott (back)



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MISS PEGGY ASHCROFT
Janet Jevons

Who was Desdemona to Mr. Paul Robeson's Othello in the recent production which has finished at the Savoy. Miss Peggy Ashcroft is quite at the top of the class in the younger generation of British actresses. "Othello"—and Co.—it is said will go to America

ming bath, and a meek-looking man went up to the attendant, who was eating his lunch. "When you have quite finished, I should like to have a word with you." After ten minutes or so the attendant said, "What do you want?"

"My mother-in-law," replied the man, "dived in off the deep end about twenty minutes ago, and she hasn't come up yet. Would you please lend me a lifebelt to throw after her? I shouldn't like it to be thought that I hadn't bothered about her."

* * *

She was engaging a new maid and, by way of recommendation rather than explanation, said, "We're Welsh, you know."

"Oh, that's quite all right," said the applicant reassuringly. "I was once with a Chinese couple!"

* * *

A distinct earthquake shock disturbed a small Western city and rocked the municipal buildings so that the councillors, then in session, left without the usual ceremonies. The clerk, a man of rules and regulations, was puzzled how to give his record the proper official tone. Finally he evolved this masterpiece:

"On motion of the City Hall, the Council adjourned."

* * *

You are charged, Sambo, with stealing five chickens, four ducks, two goats, and a donkey; and you say you are not guilty?"

"Yas, jedge."

"Perhaps you would like to employ counsel and defend the case. Have you any money?"

"No, jedge."

"Have you any property on which you could raise money?"

"Yas, jedge; I got five chickuns, four ducks, two goats, and a donkey."

* * *

A newspaper editor wished to make a splash of an interview with an eminent statesman and when his reporter returned from the interview he asked, "What did he have to say?" "Nothing," replied the reporter. "Oh, in that case you'd better keep it down to a column."

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

THE following story is culled from Barnsfather's book "From Mud to Mufti."

"A war-weary Tommy, elated by prospects of going on leave, was approaching the docks at Boulogne. He had just asked the French porter some question. A torrent of explanatory French followed. The soldier, weighed down by haversacks and equipment, stood stolidly listening and gazing intently at the porter. Finally the verbal torrent ceased. Then Tommy spoke again. 'And 'ow does the chorus go, matey?' he asked."

* * *

Yus, Maria, I goes afore the committee, I does, and I sez, 'Gentlemen, I've come for the eternity benefit.'

"But my good woman,' sez the Chairman, 'don't yer know that eternity means the 'ereafter?'

"Well, gentlemen,' sez I, 'I don't know much abaht the 'ereafter, but I does know that I'm 'ereafter the eternity benefit.'

* * *

Acertain clergyman was very fond of fishing, and one day he was carrying his rods with the object of sending them to a distant town to be mended, when a beery-looking Yorshireman accosted him. "Catch owt?" he asked. "I have not been fishing," observed the cleric pleasantly. "Well, wheer is tha bahnd te fish, then?" "I am not going fishing," was the reply. "Ah thowt as much," came the retort as the man moved away, "tha's just browt them rods te blind t'missus."

* * *

Surrounded by members of the corporation, the mayor, in his robes and chain of office, stepped forward to open the new golf course. He took a mighty swipe with his niblick, which he buried in the earth a foot behind the ball, smashing the club head. Then in solemn tones he said, "Gentlemen, I declare these links well and truly opened."

* * *

The scene was a mixed swimming

MISS JANE BAXTER
Frank Davis

Who has just finished in a hundred per cent. talkie called "Bed and Breakfast," in which she was playing at the same time as she was in the amusing stage play, "The Middle Watch," which has just finished a tremendously successful run at the Shaftesbury

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GARRISON CRICKET WEEK AT TIDWORTH

Some of the gallery. Mr. E. J. Mordaunt (I Zingari) and Brigadier-General and Mrs. C. C. Armitage. Brigadier-General C. C. Armitage, C.M.G., D.S.O., has been commanding the 7th Infantry Brigade at Tidworth since 1929

MISS A. M. F. COLE, who is on the Executive Committee of the International League Against the Export of Horses for Butchery, and is the originator and the mainspring of that hardworking association, has sent me its second annual report, which, in view of a communication from the R.S.P.C.A. which has reached me, is interesting reading, especially this passage written by Miss Cole:

When Mr. Geoffrey Gilbey determined to give his help against the traffic, his hope and intention was to work with the R.S.P.C.A. This intention I cordially encouraged. His article in *The Daily Express* raised a storm of indignation against the traffic, and in answer to a letter from the Secretary of the R.S.P.C.A., Mr. Gilbey called at their office, was cordially received, and wrote again to *The Daily Express* expressing his conviction that the R.S.P.C.A. would do its utmost against the traffic.

In the meantime M.P.'s were inundated with letters from their constituents protesting against the export of horses for butchery, because some horses go to Vaugirard. Thereupon the Ministry stated that conditions at that abattoir have no relevance to the traffic in horses from England, as no British horses have been killed at Vaugirard since 1925. At that time a leaflet circulated by the R.S.P.C.A. described the terrible conditions at Vaugirard as an argument against the export of our horses for butchery. Yet the Council, instead of standing by its own published statements and supporting Mr. Gilbey, threw doubt on the accuracy of his description of conditions at Vaugirard, and challenged him to prove that British horses go to Paris. Unfortunately the chairman of the R.S.P.C.A. is also chairman of the so-called "Animal Welfare Group" in the House of Commons, and this attitude of the Council calmed the indignation that would probably have forced facilities for the progress of the Bill in Committee.

The Chairman of the Council promised a full and impartial investigation of Mr. Gilbey's allegations, and a Frenchman was instructed by the Council to find out whether or not British horses were sent to Vaugirard during 1929. He reported that at Boulogne Customs House he had traced in the books twenty-five horses from England to Vaugirard during one month of 1929. On receiving this report, which would have forced the Council to take its stand by Mr. Gilbey and against the Ministry, the secretary was sent to interview the investigator and to visit the Customs House at Boulogne. After his interview with the secretary, the investigator wrote that he was convinced that he had been deliberately deceived by the officials at the Customs House. The leaflet, that stated all that Mr. Gilbey stated, was withdrawn and re-issued without mention of Vaugirard. In the meantime there is no longer any question as to the fact that our horses are going to Vaugirard, but directly that fact was established the Ministry stated that [though the hundreds of horses killed daily at Vaugirard are killed with the hammer] English horses are singled out to be shot. The R.S.P.C.A. Council declares now that it has no proof that conditions are bad at Vaugirard, and can take no measures against the export of our horses there till it has such proof.

* * * * *

In the communication from the R.S.P.C.A. I am charged with having "made frequent misstatements in connection with the work of this Society." When and what were they, in view of the paragraph I have just quoted above? I am also charged with "belittling the work done by the R.S.P.C.A." What "work" exactly can it claim to have done? The best work has been done

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

by Miss A. M. F. Cole, Mr. Geoffrey Gilbey, and by the Press—this paper included. We have been waiting a good many years for a Bill. We have had private individuals in this country endeavouring to collect funds to establish abattoirs in this country and taking from the Continental operators a big share in a very profitable trade—meat, hides, by-products, etc. What has the R.S.P.C.A., with large public funds at its disposal, done in this connection? In another paragraph of the R.S.P.C.A. communication it is said: "Sabretache refers to an anti-trapping campaign inaugurated by Major C. Van der Byl and seems ignorant of the fact that this Society has worked strenuously against the trapping of animals, and certainly the facts with which Major Van der Byl started his campaign were gleaned with our consent from the Society's publications." The "strenuous" work of the R.S.P.C.A., of which I continue to be ignorant, has not been "strenuous" enough to offer Major Van der Byl any financial aid. He, like the people who have tried to counter the scandal of the Continental abattoirs by starting them off their own bat, is unaided. The public funds of which the R.S.P.C.A. are the trustees, it would seem to me, and to a good many thousands of other people, might here find an outlet. Major Van der Byl also, is not dependent upon the R.S.P.C.A. for his entire stock of information. Surely such a campaign as Major Van der Byl's is one of those things which the Society should back with money, and, in any case why should an individual have had to do it at all?

A further paragraph from Miss A. M. F. Cole's report on the work of the International League Against the Export of Horses for Butchery also makes interesting reading anent the statement of the R.S.P.C.A. that it has sent "the necessary number of humane killers and a sufficient supply of cartridges for one year, estimated at 75,000, for use in the slaughter-houses

(Continued on p. viii)



Vivyan Poole
AT DRUMCAIRNE, CO. TYRONE: LORD AND LADY CHARLEMONT

Lord Charlemont has been leader of the Northern Ireland Senate since 1926, and also Minister of Education. Lady Charlemont is a daughter of the late Mr. Edmund Hull of Park Gate House, Ham Common, Surrey, and was married in 1914

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AT CORK HORSE SHOW

Major G. H. Watt, who is the Master of the United Hounds (Cork), and Miss Musgrave, Master of the West Waterford, snapped in the show grounds last week. There was a big influx of buyers of hunters from the U.S.A.

Liverpool people wot well of it and make the most of it as the wonderful playground it is, but to the majority of London motorists, and generally to those who belong south of the Trent, it seems to be almost unknown. When I spoke of my forthcoming little holiday to a pal o' mine he made a remark that I think is probably typical. "Potty little place," he said. "You can do the whole shooting match in a week, and then you'll go over a good many of the roads twice!" This is so laughably far from the truth that not even the most serious Welshman could regard it as an insult. I fancy it springs from the fact that most people take a glance at Wales through the medium of a very small-scale map—which is quite a useless thing for the purpose. Were they to squander a shilling or two upon something respectable from Bacon, Bartholomew, or Stanford, they would get a very different impression. Of course, the best thing of all to do is to take a first-hand dip in the lucky-bag, for Wales is a glorious territory to wander in. Even the Rhondda Valley, depressing though it may be in these days when the coal industry is so hard hit, takes one into country than which nothing more delicious, in its own particular way, can be imagined. Let me further add that if the jaded Londoner, who normally gets so little of hilly country, takes an early breakfast nothing very fast in the way of a car is required to bring him to a Welsh lunch. And if he wants better roads for his journey he is impossible to please. The roads in Wales used to be pretty bad, but in the main, and also in the "by," they are now excellent.

ENGAGED: SIR REGINALD BLAKER AND MISS SHEILA CRAN

Sir Reginald Blaker and Miss Cran, who is a daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Cran of Merrow, Guildford, are to be married in September. Sir Reginald Blaker is going to stand as a Conservative candidate at the next General Election

PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. ASTON

A Welsher.

Evidently not for my sins, for only true virtue could receive so delectable a reward. I have been disporting and diverting myself in the principality of Wales. It has always been a happy hunting-ground of mine, and the more familiar I grow with its small-scale though endless variety the deeper it burrows its way into my heart. I am utterly at a loss to understand why Wales makes so weak an appeal to the average English motorist. Birmingham, Manchester, and

More Room Inside.

Another way in which many people get an utterly false idea of the beauties of Wales and its possibilities as a touring-ground is that they go straight off to some coast "resort" and promptly get fed up with crowds, noise, the usual vulgarity, and a rather exceptional number of coaches and trippers from the Midlands. But you can't judge an egg from the shell. If the whole of Great Britain were tried upon the evidence of its seaside towns it would get a pretty poor verdict. Now, barring the over-industrialized South and the neighbourhood of the hackneyed "beauty spots and places of interest" in the North, the whole of the interior of Wales is largely unspoilt. And where it is spoilt a trifle it yields a pleasant force of contrast. The run from Merthyr—past that unique Valley of Dead Ruins—to Brecon over the mountain pass, very much more than repays going to Merthyr, which is saying rather a lot. And then there is another thing that pleases me muchly about the interior of "Little Scotland," and that is the admirable quality of its unpretentious but nevertheless very efficient hotels. Mrs. P. V. and I always travel "well-hipped," and our picnic basket will always keep us going for days together, but in this country we rarely have any need to use it. For example, I write these notes at what I consider to be as charming a country hotel as anyone could find. I would never have known that it existed had not some kind, but now forgotten, man, mentioned the name Llangammarch Wells; and it chanced to catch my eye on the map. From my bedroom in this "Lake Hotel" I command a magnificent mountain view, a stream full of trout (only the water is rather low at the moment) is within fifty yards and will duly be flogged by me tomorrow morning, while a few yards away is a quite charming if unsophisticated golf course. I can walk literally for miles in the grounds of the show, which are really and truly "park-like." That is the sort of thing you can find in Mid-Wales. There are few places in the United Kingdom where you can do so well.

BALE



LADY ANNE SPENCER

Lord and Lady Spencer's little ten-year-old daughter at Althorp, with some of the Pytchley hounds in the background. A Lord Spencer was the first Pytchley Master, barring perhaps Ailwyn the Hunter, who had a job near Brixworth in the days of the Saxon Heptarchy

Minor Tragedies.

The only danger with a picnic hamper is that sometimes you can overdo the perishable eatables, and then it becomes an awful problem what to do with what you don't want except chucking it over a bridge and hoping it will do some good to the fish below, or putting it deep in a wood for the sake of the pheasants. But Mrs. P. V. is both a charitable and a thrifty soul, and she holds the view that it ought rather to be offered first to some hungry tramp or an obviously poverty-stricken peasant. It is known to her that I have a weakness

(Continued on p. xvi)



WILLS'S
GOLD FLAKE
SATISFY.

THE VALUE IS IN THE CIGARETTES

Issued by the Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain & Ireland), Limited.

THREE is something eminently satisfactory about doing a good deed and at the same time enjoying yourself! Of course if we were nice Early Victorians we should say that the actual doing of the good deed should be sufficient reason for happiness, and we might sit down and indite in the best round copperplate, "Virtue is its own reward." (Or something else equally annoying.)

But the truth is that nowadays it is extraordinarily easy to combine duty and pleasure, and golfers are certainly adepts at the process. We raise quite a large amount for this, that, and the other object, and find



Miss Corlett and Miss Enid Wilson, the winners of the Midland Foursomes for the second year in succession, with their spoils



Balmain

Miss Josephine Fletcher, who is to be married to-day (July 23) to Lord Pollington at Westminster Cathedral. She is the daughter of Captain Fletcher of Saltoun

putting competitions, both crazy and serious, to be won, golf targets to be hit, and there is the real main set-piece of the show, scratch mixed foursomes, eighteen holes, against bogey.

Now just listen to the galaxy of talent. Mrs. Atherton, Miss Doris Chambers, Miss Diana Fishwick, Mrs. Percy Garon, Miss Molly Gourlay, Mrs. Douglas Grant, Mrs. Guedalla, Miss Jean Hamilton, Miss Cecil Leitch, Mrs. McNair, Miss Dorothy Pearson, Miss Joyce Wethered, and Miss Joy Winn.

We trust that our readers will note that we follow the cautious modern habit of alphabetical order. It is all very nice and easy to put the reigning open champion first, but after that the proper precedence would offer a problem as full of prickles as a hedgehog. Does a reigning English champion take precedence of an ex-open, an open runner-up, of an English champion? All very difficult. Thanks be to the inventor of the alphabet. The men who will partner these are equally impressive—Lord Cavan, Lord Cholmondeley, Major Guy Campbell, Mr. Bernard Darwin, Major A. J. Evans, Mr. Douglas Grant, Mr. Rex Hartley, Major Cecil Hutchison, Mr. Hylton Philipson, Mr. R. H. de Montmorency, Mr. Oppenheimer, perhaps Mr. T. A. Torrance—here indeed is the nucleus of a great gathering. By the time play starts no doubt there will be many more, for Leeds Castle is an enchanting spot, the gorse quite delightful, and everybody, as aforesaid, will feel a delicious glow of virtue because their entrance fees are enriching so splendid a cause as the National Playing Fields Association.

Talk of the Association naturally leads one to think of Mrs. Dunlop Hill, whose work for it is so indefatigable, and thence

to her other activities as hon. secretary of the Scottish Ladies' G.A. Amongst all this she has somehow found time, with the assistance of various kind co-adjudicators, to compile that most interesting little book, "History of the Scottish Ladies' Golfing Association." When it first made a modest appearance at the Scottish Championship this year current news was too much and too urgent for proper notice to be given to it; there was hardly time even to sit down and realize all that the slender purple volume contained. Now that there is space and time, the subject really must be returned to, and that without apology, for it would be hard to imagine greater interest in smaller compass. There are portraits of some of the leading Scottish champions, with a full list of their golfing honours and the years they represented Scotland; there is the list of entrants for every Scottish championship and

its final result; lists of the score competition winners, international teams; an invaluable "Who's Who," wherein married names are made to give up their secrets and the first year wherein their bearers entered are detailed for the world to see. In short it tells you almost all you can want to know. Not quite all; the best books always stop just when you would like them to go on, and this is no exception. Yet it is wonderfully complete, and excellent value at the price of 3s. 9d., or 4s. 1d. if ordered by post. This is the only way of getting it, because the book is privately published, and can only be had by writing to Mrs. Dunlop Hill, Airy Hall, Culz, Aberdeenshire.

What is the fascination of facts? Personally I can sit down with a map, a Bradshaw, a dictionary, very nearly with a telephone directory, and find entertainment. Why here, indeed, have I been sitting engrossed in the history of the Scottish L.G.A. for dear knows how long—when time is precious, moreover, and a dozen other things are waiting to be done. Now all I ask is for Ireland and Wales to produce similar volumes, and if anybody would take it on, why not England too? There has only been an official English championship since 1914; it would be in some ways a simpler task than for the other countries, whose championships are all hoary by comparison. Who will volunteer?

Space must somehow be found for brief record of rather a remarkable performance in Pearson Trophy Interclub matches. Hendon have won all their eight, out and home, and so are winners again of their sub-division. Congratulations.



Mrs. Morgan in earnest conversation with Mrs. Smith, the Hon. Secretary of the Irish L.G.U. Mrs. Morgan was runner-up in this year's Championship of India

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"THE ULLAGE"

By Philip Mackenzie

"SEE 'ere, Ullage, you get that bloomin' bread barge properly scrubbed out or I'll knock yer ruddy block off."

Jack Martin flinched, but made a sign of assent. The raucous command added fuel to his hate of the hulking, bullying Bill Stevens, but it was a hate which he had already learnt to conceal, though this was only his second voyage on the oiler *Crudol*. Once he had shown that he had resented being bullied and shouted at, but it had only led to a badly-cut lip and a big bruise where the back of his head had met the deck.

The crew's quarters of an oil-tanker plying between Basra in the Persian Gulf and Port Tewfik at the head of the Red Sea is no place for a sensitive nature, and Jack Martin was sensitive. He loathed the life; the all-pervading smell of the oil, the roughness of his messmates, and the incessant heat, but more than anything else did he loathe his nickname of "The Ullage," for he knew full well that it was not undeserved. "Ullage" really means that part of a cask which is not full, but at sea the word has come to be applied to anything and everything which is thoroughly useless.

Jack Martin knew that he was an "ullage," though he would have preferred to be referred to as a square peg in a round hole, and the knowledge only made him the more self-conscious, the more useless, and the more cringing. Fear was the major cause of his uselessness, that terrible horror of physical pain with which some men are born and against which they may struggle in vain. Martin struggled gamely against his fear, but it always got the upper hand. It was small wonder that his messmates, to whom fear and feeling were alike unknown, should hold him in contempt.

At last the evening meal was over and Martin crept into his bunk, cutting himself off for a few hours from the cruel jests and gibes of the other men.

He was awakened by the clanging of the ship's bell and a raucous voice calling on the watch below to "Show a leg, and look lively." Martin shrank instinctively into the corner of his bunk and the bulkhead. The ship was battling against one of those fierce northerly gales which sweep down the Gulf of Suez into the Red Sea, and this sudden call meant that something had gone wrong. There was danger, and he was being called upon to face it. . . . He hated danger. . . .

For a moment he hung back. Then, with a tremendous effort of will, he swung his legs over the edge of his bunk and jumped down on to the deck below. Any delay would only give the others further cause for their contempt, and he would deserve it. Even the howling night and unknown physical danger would be better than that. In the few seconds while the men were struggling into oil-skins and sea-boots came the knowledge of what was required of them. One of the great anchors on the forecastle had worked loose with the bucketing of the ship and it had to be secured at once, for there was a danger of it battering a hole in the hull plating of the ship.

To reach the forecastle the men had to pass along a narrow fore-and-aft bridge over the fore well deck. This bridge was some 3-ft. wide, and there were rails on each side of it, but even so the bravest might have been excused for hanging back on such a night, for sheets of spray and even green seas were sweeping over the forecastle and even over the fore-and-aft



"How easy it would be to give him a shove!"

bridge itself, threatening to tear the men from their footing and hurl them down into the well deck. There they would speedily be battered to pulp by the waves among the tangle of great pipes and valves.

Martin did hang back, and at that moment he was brushed aside by the hulking Bill Stevens. "Best stay 'ere, Ullage. We don't want no ullages on the foc'sle this weather." The deep voice cut through the howling of the wind and the crash of the seas. It was vibrant with contempt.

The remark seemed to loose some hidden spring in Martin's brain. He went suddenly berserk with fury. Fear and caution were thrown to the winds. He clambered along the narrow planking of the fore-and-aft bridge close behind the hated Bill Stevens. How easy it would be to give him a shove! Just a well-judged push with the lurch of the ship was all that would be required, and he would never taunt him again. . . . He hurried and got close to Stevens. Black murder was in his heart, but at the last moment, just as he was reaching out a hand to push him off his balance, courage failed him once more. Instead of committing murder he found himself on the heaving forecastle, fumbling and straining and cursing in the dark with the others in their efforts to get the great anchor stowed close on its bed. At last it was done, and while the men were turning in Bill Stevens turned on Martin. "'Ow did yer get all wet like that? . . . Throwed a bucket o' water over yersel' ter make it look as if yer been doin' a job o' work?'"

Early the next morning the ship secured alongside the wharf at Port Tewfik, and the work of discharging the oil was commenced. There was a lot of work to be done in other ways too. Some of the tanks had to be cleaned out and painted before sailing on the next trip. The men were turned to without any delay, for ships which lie in harbour for longer than is absolutely necessary for loading and unloading do not pay dividends.

Martin found himself left blessedly alone. Even the officers realized that he was not much use at the work of cleaning out and painting tanks, and he was told off to scrub out the mess deck and the officers' quarters.

He had finished the crew's quarters and was just about to start on the officers' saloon when he was startled by a shout from

(Continued on p. vii)



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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

By
M. E. BROOKE

For Yachting.

Not for Cowes Week but for general wear on a yacht, some altogether delightful ensembles of the pyjama genre have been created. For instance there are the white flannel trousers cut on the lines of Oxford bags; they are destined to be held in position with a bright-coloured cummerbund into which is tucked a white silk shirt; the neck-line is reminiscent of Byron's. A rival to these are the natural Shantung shorts with shirts to match, the latter are provided with sleeves which are rolled up to the elbows in a truly workman-like manner. A large shady hat of linen or straw completes the scheme. Jewellery is an important item, and is always made of materials that have no intrinsic value; it may be of cork, wood, or even pebbles; in colour it must harmonize with the outfit.

For the Modish Plages.

And for the *plages* there are many fascinating novelties;

A simple swimmer is essential; it has, however, many attendants. Here is a description of a very interesting set carried out in an old-world print: The pleated skirt with hip-yoke is quite short; the coat is waisted and reaches the hem of the skirt; the hat, sunshade, and bag being of the same material. Another idea is to have the accessories, if so they may be called, of cretonne, the coat lined with Turkish towelling, and the skirt and hat trimmed with it. Naturally there is a splendid assortment of silken pyjamas, the coats more often than not being enriched with handsome embroidery. Sandals are regarded with favour, especially when they are made of enamelled wood; the extremists are tinting their toe-nails to match the



predominating shade; wooden anklets are making a tentative bid for favour, and of course the legs have to be treated with a special preparation which gives the impression that nude stockings are being worn; the sea-water has no deleterious effect on it.

Thinking Ahead.

A wave of economy has swept over the world of dress, with the result that many women have been wearing frocks and wraps that, to say the least of it, have not done them justice; they must, therefore, on the return from the holidays harden their hearts and scrap the lot, and equip their wardrobes with simple raiment. They will find this procedure an excellent mental tonic. Long dresses will not be seen except for evening wear, when they will clear the ground by at least 2 in. After August there are few fashionable outdoor functions at which elaborate dresses are regarded with favour. Again the ensemble will prevail and will be of tweed or



These Dolcis shoes are as smart as they are inexpensive. Those on the left are made of a new fabric of the crêpe family, those on the right are in tan and white and are welted; they are suitable for country wear, while those in patent and white with high heels are appropriate for town wear. (See p. ii)

kindred fabrics; let it be remembered that black tweed is ultra smart. These ensembles will consist of coat collared with fur and a dress or skirt and jumper. All who wish to know the correct length of the skirts must place the ball of the thumb in the centre of the knee-cap and then stretch the hand downwards; where the little finger alights is where the skirt will terminate. The long wrap-coat will be well represented; it will be seen in black as well as in various shades of brown.

(Continued on p. ii)

—and there are other preparations that bear the name of Tangee, all of exalted merit. They include powder and a day and night cream. (See p. ii)

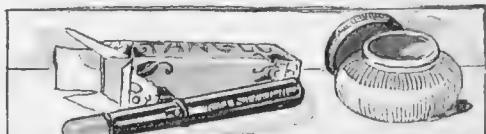
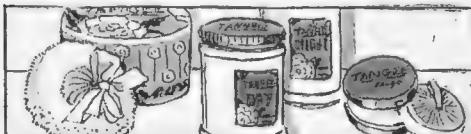
The import made can
The one
Fortnum
dilly. It
black
jersey
spun

ance of the tailor-
not be over-estimated.
above comes from
and Mason's, Picca-
is carried out in
on damoussa, the
and cardigan being
of silk. (See p. ii)

Last-minute Shopping.

THE general exodus to the sea, country, the snow-capped mountains of Switzerland and elsewhere has begun, nevertheless women are rushing here, there, and everywhere in the last-minute shopping campaign. Among the things that must be acquired is a swimming suit expressed in wool; the colours are gayer than ever this season, and they are provided with innumerable gadgets that have a slimming effect on the figure. There are brassières and groups of pleats just where they are needed; in some instances the shoulder-straps may be slipped off when seated on the beach, by which means no ugly white stripes are seen on the skin as it has been sunburnt all over.

Tangee lipstick blends perfectly with the natural colouring, no matter the complexion, as it changes to the individual shade needed—



TO MILTON USERS ONLY



SPEEDY
RELIEF
FROM

INSECT BITES AND STINGS

Bites and Stings aren't just painful. They're dangerous.

There's nothing like MILTON for making a bite or sting safe, and for soothing and relieving it quickly.

Apply MILTON at full strength to the part affected. The sooner it is applied after the bite or sting has taken place the speedier will be the relief. Rub the fluid well into the skin. If the skin is broken through scratching, the MILTON will soothe and rapidly heal it, although the wound may smart slightly for a few moments. Repeat the application as often as desired. Any swelling will be reduced and all trace of the trouble will soon disappear. The relief is very speedy, very marked and very welcome.

MILTON

ANTISEPTIC

PRICES 6d 1/- 1/6 AND 2/6 A BOTTLE

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued



A PRACTICAL CAPE-COAT

This is the Dexter Inverclyde cape-coat; it may be seen at R. W. Forsyth's, Regent Street, W. It is carried out in undyed handwoven Orkney tweed, and it is an ideal garment for travelling, shooting, etc. It is warm, light, and exceedingly comfortable. As will be seen the coat and vest have an overcheck, and the collar of the cape is edged with the same material. Another strong point in its favour is that it can be adjusted in the fraction of a second, and is so arranged that it never gets out of position. It is pleasantly priced at 7 guineas.

Washing Evening-dresses.

No, it is no misprint that that notable dress artist, Eos, 7, Albemarle Street, W., is making a feature of evening-dresses that may be sent to the laundress and returned with a new lease of life. They are ever so simple and not at all expensive. They are so arranged that they may be washed just as they are; there is nothing that has to be removed. What a boon they will be to visitors to the Lido, Deauville, and other fashionable summer resorts. She is also responsible for a dull-weather dress—of course there are many variations on the theme—it is made of dark crépe de chine showing a small rose dimity design, the sleeveless coat that partners it crosses over and fastens on one side in the vicinity of the normal waist-line.

Suits and Cardigans.

And, of course, no holiday outfit is complete unless it contains some of Fortnum and Mason's (Piccadilly, W.) specialities in the world of dress. Who would not desire to own the coat and skirt illustrated on p. 188? It is carried out in black ondamoussa; it seems unnecessary to state that the cut is the acme of perfection; it will be seen that the hems are Vandyked, the cuffs are of white piqué, and the flower of black patent leather; the suit—it is worn with a white satin blouse. The spun silk jersey with sleeves, is £2 15s., or without sleeves, £2 10s.; and then there are Cardigans to match for 63s. Simplicity is the salient feature of the lisle thread and artificial silk and wool shirts; they are cut like a man's and have detachable collars of Celes silk; in both instances they are 52s. 6d. Again, there are over-blouses of loosely-knitted wool with spade-shaped hiatuses in front; they are just right for slipping on after a game of tennis.

Shoes for Summer Days.

No one can fail to be delighted with the footwear that bears the name of Dolcis; the shoes are admirably cut and the prices are exceptionally moderate. Who would not desire to own a pair of the summer shoes illustrated on p. 188? They are really made of a new material that has the appearance of crépe; they are 12s. 9d. a pair. Then there are the tan and white welted shoes suitable for country wear; they are 18s. 9d. per pair. Primarily destined for town wear, carried out in tan and white or patent and white, they have high heels and are 22s. 6d. per pair. It is to be regretted that it was not possible to illustrate the hand-made basket sandals for 25s.; they may be seen at Dolcis Salons, Criterion Buildings, Piccadilly, W., or any of the other branches.

Summer Sale.

Summer prices prevail at Madame Nelson's, 159, Sloane Street, S.W., and as a consequence there are model wrap-coats from 8½ guineas, many of them trimmed with fur. There is a variety of little voile frocks for 2 and 3 guineas; they are hand-made and endowed with individual touches that place them on a plane apart. Printed crépe de chine frocks are 94s. 6d., and then there is a collection of dresses for 49s. 6d. each; there are also coat-frocks which always look so smart as soon as the autumn arrives.

The Goddess of Beauty.

Legendary lore tells us that the Goddess of Beauty possessed a girdle; it gave grace and elegance to all who wore it, and in Greek mythology was known by the name of Kestos. To-day there are Kestos brassières, girdles, and belts, all of exalted merit. They are sold practically everywhere but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them application must be made to Kestos, Maddox House, Regent Street, W., who will gladly send the name and address of the nearest agent. The brassières cleverly mould every figure to form curves; it allows comfort and freedom of movement and is unnoticeable under a thin frock or close-fitting swimming-suit. It is made of a fine silken material. Furthermore there is a splendid assortment of girdles and belts in the same materials; they all have their special missions to perform, which they do in a highly satisfactory manner.

My Colour is Right for You.

Inanimate objects have often a message to convey, and they say it far more forcibly than human beings, at least that is my opinion. This is the case with the Tangee lipstick; it tells women that it will give to their lips the shade which blends perfectly with the natural colouring, no matter the complexion. Among its other advantages is that it has no pigment, leaves no greasy smear, and is permanent. It is 4s. 6d.; the same marvellous colour principle is present in rouge compact, 3s. 6d.; crème rouge, 4s. 6d. Then there is the face powder, which is blended to match the natural skin tones. Too much cannot be said in favour of the night cream, which nourishes and cleanses, and the day cream that protects. They are sold practically everywhere. On receipt of 1s. Calmon and Neate, 8, Gerard Street, W., will send a Tangee Beauty Set; it contains six articles in miniature.

Wash your face

with LUXURIA

every morning

and evening.

It cleanses

and nourishes

and whitens

your skin!



The caressing coolness of Luxuria melts deep into the pores of the skin at a touch of your finger. Loosening tiny buried grains of dust and grime that do more to spoil the clear whiteness of your skin than all the honest surface dirt. Yet Luxuria does more than cleanse. In its melting softness there are wonderful ingredients that feed the tissues—precious oils that keep the skin soft and fresh and youthful. Luxuria can be obtained at all good Department Stores, Chemists and Hair-dressers from 2/3 to 11/9.

Write to Sefton-Dodge Ltd 150 Regent Street, London W1 for our attractive free Booklet called "All for Beauty" which tells you about the wonderful Harriet Hubbard Ayer preparations.

HARRIET

HUBBARD

AYER

INCORPORATED

NEW YORK

LONDON

PARIS

WEDDINGS AND

A New South Wales Wedding.

The marriage of Mr. T. W. Boden and Miss Pauline Copland will take place in Sydney in September next



MR. AND MRS. PAUL GIBBONS

Photographed after their wedding at St. James's, Spanish Place. The bride was formerly Miss Joyce Grant, daughter of Admiral Sir Heathcote Grant, K.C.M.G., and Lady Grant, and the bridegroom is the son of Mr. F. J. J. Gibbons of Penn Hall, Staffs, and the late Mrs. Gibbons

Marrying on
July 26.

Mr. C. D. F. Forsdyke and Miss Winifred K. Russell are being married at Christchurch, Westminster, at 1.45 p.m., and on the same day there will be the wedding at Newport of Mr. A. L. Gunn, M.B., F.R.C.S. (Ed.), son of Mr. G. H. Gunn of Cardiff, and Sibyl, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Gwynne Thomas, D.S.O., O.B.E., and Mrs. Thomas of Newport. The wedding will take place at St. Mark's Church at 2 o'clock.

* * *

Recently Engaged.

A marriage has been arranged between David Dent, son of Sir Francis Dent of Dock House, Beauclerc, and the late Lady Dent, and Diana, daughter of the late Naph Cohen of Johannesburg, and Mrs. M. J. Mostyn of Molino del Rey, Spain; Major Eric Francis Wallace Mackenzie, O.B.E., M.C., Royal Army Medical Corps, elder son of Dr. and Mrs. F. W. Mackenzie of Wellington, New Zealand,



MRS. STANLEY GIACOMI

Who was Miss Ruth Weston before her marriage on July 7 to Mr. Stanley Zan Giacomi, a member of the Baltic Exchange

George A. Simpson, advocate, Aberdeen, and Mrs. Simpson of King's Gate, Aberdeen, and Isabel Esme Helen, eldest daughter of Mr. S. Walker, C.I.E., and Mrs. Walker.

* * *

An Irish Engagement.

Mr. Richard Henry Ardagh Johnson, youngest son of the Archdeacon of Elphin and Ardagh, Clonbroney Vicarage, Edgeworthstown, Ireland, and Beatrice Juanita eldest daughter of Arthur E. H. Barry, retired Lieut.-Cmrd. R.N.R. and P. and O., of May Cottage, Thames Ditton, Surrey.



MR. AND MRS. C. R. YOUNG

Vandyk
Who were recently married at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge. The bride was formerly Miss Vivienne Elizabeth Vick, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Vick of Streatham, and the bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Lindsay Young of Greenwood, Frant

TOPICS OF VARIED INTEREST

Everything for the Wedding Reception.

Pritchards of Oxford Street, W., provide everything for the wedding reception in a highly satisfactory manner—even marquees, cutlery, glass, and china; this they will do at the shortest possible notice and for a very moderate charge. Not only will they cater for wedding receptions but for dinners, ball suppers, garden parties, and any other social function. They will be pleased to send full particulars regarding prices on application.

Wedding Cakes.

As the cake is one of the most important things at a wedding, attention must be drawn to those for which Pritchards are responsible. They are made of the finest quality ingredients obtainable in any weight or design, beautifully iced in one, two, or three tiers. There is always to be seen in their establishment a good display of ornaments, nevertheless they are very pleased to submit special designs embodying customers' own ideas; they are also prepared to lend a magnificent silver stand and knife, which is an immense advantage. There are bride cakes from 1 guinea to 100. Then it must be mentioned that Pritchards' Dundee cakes are perfectly delicious; packed in attractive tins, they are 3s. 4d., 5s., and 6s. 8d.

Finger-tip Brilliance.

Delicately polished finger-nails give a finish to a perfect toilette. All hands are improved by nails that are carefully manicured and tinted. Eclador is an effective nail polish which is to be warmly recommended. The preparation is obtainable from hairdressers, chemists, and stores of prestige. The travelling outfits cost 1s. 9d., and the boudoir outfits 3s.



An important feature at the wedding reception is the bridal cake. Pritchards, 790, Oxford Street, W., are responsible for this cake as well as for all the catering, including the wines, plate, china, and glass, and the waiters. These wedding cakes are perfectly delicious as they are made of the best ingredients procurable. The ornaments are very varied and are simple and artistic

A sample of Eclador will be supplied for 2d. in stamps on application to J. Lesquendieu, 8, Gerrard Street, London, W.1.

A Decided Novelty.

A fascinating novelty is a Nildé self-compacting box; by filling it with loose powder, preferably Poudre Crème Nildé, a perfect compact can be made just by turning the inner lid; as it is soft it is not necessary to use a hard powder-puff. A strong point in favour of this device is that the powder is recompaacted when the box is closed; then when there is no more powder in the box it can be refilled. The initial outlay is 4s., which includes a handsome box, powder, and puff. Neither must it be overlooked that there is Invisible Rouge Nildé; it is available in four shades and is 2s. 6d. a box. It gives to the complexion a natural colour and it cannot be detected.

Made in England.

Wright's Coal Tar Soap, or Sapo Carbonis Detergens as it is known to the medical profession, is made in England, and has been used over three score years and ten. The anti-septic cleanliness produced by this soap is an excellent safeguard against infection when travelling. The sensation of fatigue after active exercise is intensified by the accumulation of waste products upon the surface of the skin, then there is nothing more pleasantly bracing and invigorating than a bath with this excellent soap. Mosquitoes, midges, and insects in general have a rooted objection to it, and as a consequence give those who use it a very wide berth. It is invaluable in the nursery, as children love its creamy lather and fragrant, clean smell.



When you laugh, Miss 1930

— at those tempestuous petticoats, pray remember that Miss 1770 would consign them to some crazy Thames wherry with as little thought as you give to the hailing of a taxicab. She was no fragile maid in porcelain! You and she have more in common than your love of pretty things and your devotion to the Yardley Lavender. Lovable fragrance! How secure its hold is on the heart of dainty womanhood! To-day, as in 1770, wherever you go it will greet you tenderly. Wistful. Winsome. Caressing!

YARDLEY LAVENDER

OF ALL CHEMISTS, COIFFEURS & STORES

Bottles from 2/6 to 70/-

ALSO

Lavender Soap — 'The Luxury Soap of the World' — 2/6
a box of three tablets, Face Powder 1/9, Compact 2/6, —
with Rouge 3/6, Face Cream 1/6, and in tube 6d. & 1/-, etc.



YARDLEY

8 New Bond Street

LONDON

"The Ullage"—continued

forward. That shout meant danger as clearly as any shout could do, but what was the danger? Was it fire, or what?

To-day he did not shrink or hesitate. The triumph of the night before, when he had braved the elements and actually worked on the sea-swept forecastle in the teeth of such a gale, had given him something in the way of a tradition. It was new and amazing, but it had to be honoured, and he ran forward to find out the cause of the shout.

In the fore well deck he found a little group of men standing round an open man-hole door through which a rope dangled down into the darkness of the great tank. One glance at the faces of the men told Martin that tragedy was among them. The dangling rope told him that there was a man down in the tank.

Feverishly he asked what was wrong, and for once the men round the man-hole forbore to treat him with contempt. In a very few words he learnt that the man who had been working below had been overcome by the fumes in the tank. A second man had gone down with a line on to get him out, but he had also been overcome, and his line had evidently become entangled in one of the strengthening struts of the tank, for no amount of pulling at the rope would bring the unconscious man up to the manhole.

The men were all hanging back, afraid of the deadly gas below, but Martin heeded them not. There were two men down in the tank who might even now be dying of asphyxiation. They certainly would be dead in a very few minutes if they were not rescued and brought up to the open air. That was enough for Jack Martin; he did not wait to count the cost.

Quick as thought he seized a heaving line which was lying on the deck close to the manhole and knotted it under his armpits. Almost before the others had realized what he was about he had thrust the line into their hands and was lowering himself through the manhole into the dark and stinking depths of the tank.

He bumped painfully against sharp angle-irons as he swung, but at last his feet touched bottom. It was pitch dark, but he seized the line which the second man had had round him and followed it.

His progress was slow, for he was continually stumbling over rivets and girders, and running into the strengthening cross frames, but he kept the line in his hand, and at last he kicked against the limp figure of a man huddled up in one corner.

It was but the work of a moment to slip off his own line and knot it securely round the recumbent figure. His own line at least was not foul.

Having secured the line to the unconscious man he gave it four sharp tugs—the signal to those above to hoist away.

For a fraction of a second he stood and watched the limp figure swaying through the air towards the brilliant oval of the man-hole above. Then he began to choke, and with his choking came the realization of the full power of the poisonous gas in the tank. It was plain that he would have to work fast or he would lose consciousness himself; and there was still another unconscious man somewhere in the tank.

Quick as thought he fumbled for the line which he had cast off from the man whom he had already sent up. It was foul of something, but he must find it and clear it. He found the line, followed it, and disentangled it from the frame in which it was caught.

Then he stumbled about, frantically trying to find the body of the other man. His lungs felt as if they would burst and his breath was coming in great tearing sobs. It was as if his temples were clamped in a red-hot vice. His mind was going. . . . It was almost gone. . . . It was only grim determination which made him go on with his stumbling search instead of giving four tugs at the line he held and being hoisted up into the fresh air himself.

At last, after what seemed a lifetime of horror, he kicked against something soft and fell prostrate across the unconscious figure of a man. The fall all but finished him altogether, but still his hands worked, driven on by the inexorable determination of his brain. They passed the line round the unconscious figure and knotted it. He gave four pulls to the rope and felt the body being dragged away from him. Then he knew no more.

Jack Martin's next moments of consciousness were spent in wondering amazement. He could not remember what had happened, or find a reason why he should be lying in his bunk with a head which felt like a brazier full of hot coals. And why was the "owner," of all people, leaning over him and looking so "soft" and congratulating him so earnestly? What on earth was he being congratulated about?

At last he remembered. . . . That awful tank. . . . A shudder passed through him at the recollection—a shudder of pure physical fear.

Then he saw the hulking figure of Bill Stevens, his arch enemy, swimming towards him through the mists of his semi-consciousness, and he distinctly heard him cough uncomfortably.

"I—I 'ated yer, Ullage, but when I seed yer go down and send both o' them up, I—I just 'ad ter go down for yer. . . . And yer ain't no bloomin' ullage, neither; swelp me if yer are."

Jack Martin closed his eyes. There was ineffable peace in his heart.

TIFFANY & Co.

**44 NEW BOND STREET
LONDON, W.1**

**DIAMOND BRACELETS
DIAMOND WRIST WATCHES**

**FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
NEW YORK**

**25 RUE DE LA PAIX
PARIS**

WHEN
MEN
RELAX



Mists of blue-grey smoke—the friendly thrust and parry of jest—the eternal question of “What’s it to be?” create an atmosphere requiring and appreciating the best of everything—an atmosphere that demands

“Schweppes”
**THE ORIGINAL
SODA WATER**

Also order SCHWEPPES GINGER ALE, CIDER, GINGER BEER, TONIC WATER, LEMON SQUASH, ORANGE SQUASH, Etc.

Pictures in the Fire—continued

at Vaugirard, Paris, on condition that all the horses at Vaugirard are slaughtered with the humane killer instead of the mallet, and on condition that my Society's representative should have free entry at all times into the stables and slaughter-houses":

Since Mr. Gilbey's article we have been in direct and frequent communication with the Minister of Agriculture, and have given him the full and exact information we hold of conditions at Vaugirard. Since 1924, when I first saw the terrible conditions at Vaugirard, we have continually watched and reported those conditions, not only to prevent the export of our own horses there, but in the hope that our continual exposure of those cruelties might lead to reforms in that abattoir for the sake of all horses sent there. For that end we sent the protest to the Minister of the Interior from the nine countries represented in our League, which has resulted in two inquiries at Vaugirard and a correspondence between the French Ambassador and our League. For that end, too, reports published in England have been translated and circulated in France. All this has thrown light on the hitherto hidden cruelties of Vaugirard, and the article by Mr. Gilbey was like a strong flashlight thrown on those conditions. We have reason to hope that the authorities at Vaugirard fear that public indignation in England will stop the export of our horses for butchery if conditions at that abattoir are not improved. Our investigator who has just returned reports that as soon as he entered the abattoir he was challenged. Pretending to be an English dealer, he was taken to the head butcher, and during three days he was allowed to see certain stables where horses were well stabled and fed, and one killing with the humane killer. A motor-car was placed at his disposition, he was taken to see distant dealers, and treated with

the utmost hospitality. But each time that he tried to go into any other part of the abattoir he was immediately called back on some pretence by men who constantly watched him, and once when he pretended not to hear he was pulled back by the sleeve of his coat. I give this incident at length because I know that the man investigating for the R.S.P.C.A. has permission to enter Vaugirard when he likes, and I have no doubt that he visits under the same restrictions that prevented our investigator from seeing anything that was not prepared for investigation. I think there is no doubt that these improved conditions in certain stables and slaughter-houses are intended to allay agitation in England so that the traffic may continue. But there is some hope that the same motives of self-interest that induce this partial reform may also induce reform of the whole abattoir. In this hope we shall continue our investigations and reports.

And we still wait for the R.S.P.C.A. to do a bit more than "knock a few bricks off the wall" of opposition to a Bill prohibiting the export of British horses for slaughter, and to the R.S.P.C.A. to establish an organization in England which shall keep this profitable trade to ourselves, and put a final stopper on the atrocities of the past.

* * *

A picture and its accompanying legend which appeared in one of our leading evening lights on the first day of the Eton and Harrow match must have interested those two schools tremendously. This was what it said:

Young Etonians buying their cornflower buttonholes on arriving for the match at Lord's to-day.



Sutherland
IN THE NORTH: SIR ALEXANDER AND LADY GORDON-CUMMING AND THEIR CHILDREN

At Sir Alexander Gordon-Cumming's seat, Altyre, near Forres. He was formerly in the Cameron Highlanders, and succeeded on the death of his father, the fourth baronet, Sir William Gordon-Cumming. The two children are William and Cecily

THE FAVOURITE WHICH FULFILS EXPECTATIONS
EVERYTIME!

Crawford's
LIQUEUR
SCOTCH WHISKY

★ ★ ★
"SPECIAL RESERVE"

★ ★ ★
SCREW CAPS
OLD LIQUEUR
for very special occasions

A. & A. CRAWFORD — LEITH. SCOTLAND.
London Office:— 24-26, Monument Street, E.C.3.

**IN LOVE with
the 'ivory' tip!**



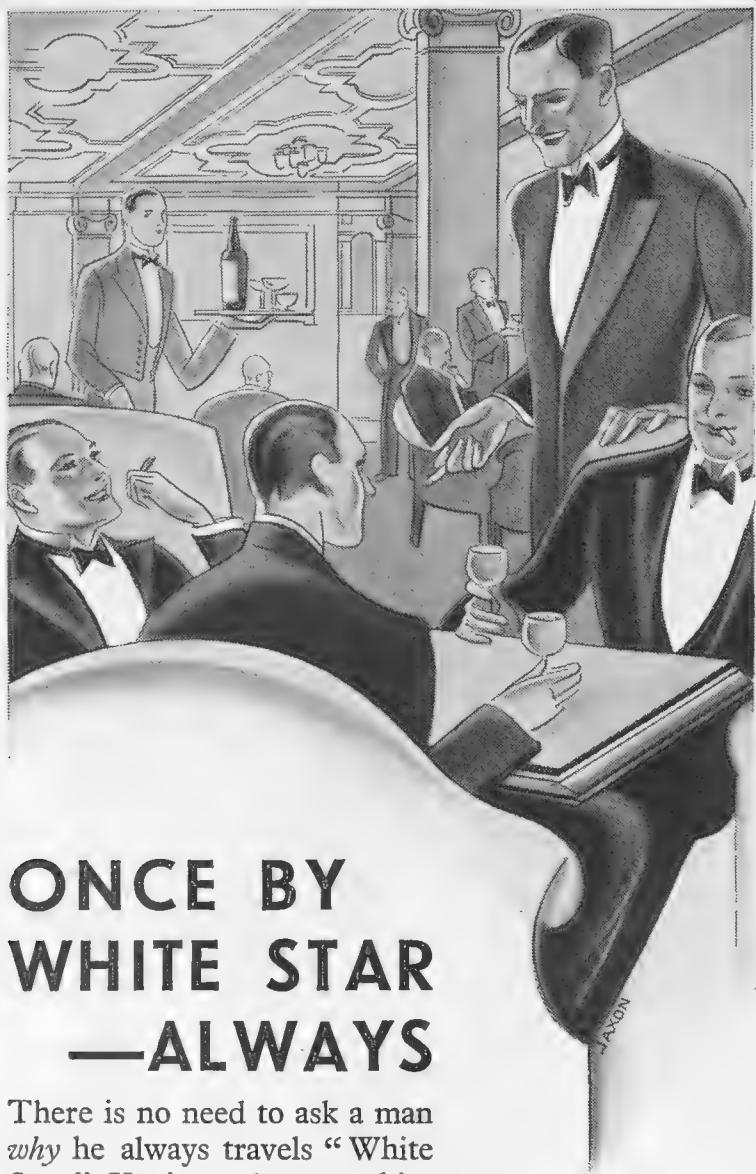
How smooth and sleek it is
— the elegant 'ivory' tip!
How pure and mild — the
fine cigarette it adorns!

D E R E S Z K E

Virginias 10 for 6d.

A NON-COUPON CIGARETTE

Turks 20 for 1/-



ONCE BY WHITE STAR —ALWAYS

There is no need to ask a man *why* he always travels "White Star." You've only to see him strenuously happy or stretched at his ease on deck; comfortably contemplative or cheerfully reminiscent in his favourite chair in the smoke-room. It's just the sense of being always at home that brings him back to the "Big Ships" again and again.

**TRAVEL BY THE WHITE STAR
CABIN SHIPS FROM
LIVERPOOL or SOUTHAMPTON**

**TO NEW YORK
AND CANADA
from £27 : 15 : 0**
THE BIG SHIP ROUTE

white star®

COMPANY'S OFFICES
OR AGENTS EVERYWHERE

Service Advertising

FUTURE SAILINGS

Liverpool—New York

ARABIC—July 26

(via Belfast and Glasgow)

BRITANNIC—Aug. 2

(via Queenstown,

calling at Boston)

Liverpool—Quebec—

Montreal

DORIC—July 25

(via Belfast and Glasgow)

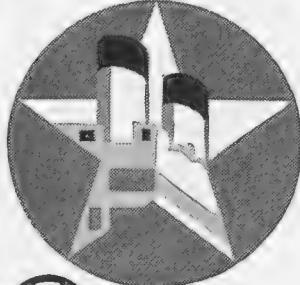
ALBERTIC—Aug. 1

(via Belfast and Glasgow)

Southampton—Quebec—

Montreal

MEGANTIC—July 26, Aug. 23



Millions of Invisible Eavesdroppers

The Ears of the World Glued on Savoy Hill

By EAMON GARRY

There is an uncanny aspect to Savoy Hill—the B.B.C. centre. It is due to the fact that 10,000,000 ears are listening to what is going on in that building—10,000,000 invisible eavesdroppers all over the world. The merest murmur caught in the meshes of the microphone is at once heard in royal palaces, prairie farm-houses, politicians' studies, my lady's boudoir, broken-down inns, ecclesiastic cloisters, and everywhere the world over where a radio receiving-set is tuned-in to Savoy Hill.

"Watch the red lamp. While it is alight the world can hear you" is announced on the waiting-room walls of London's temple of the air. It is a wise warning. The microphone is the world's greatest gossip and cannot keep a secret. Many a *faux pas* has been committed within range of its delicate diaphragm and passed on to an amazed or amused world.

That riverside building, perched perilously on the slope between the Embankment and the Strand has the most fascinating collection of rooms in the country. Until the new B.B.C. headquarters near Oxford Circus is opened, No. 7 studio at Savoy Hill is the largest available. It is two storeys in height; the floor and ceiling between the two rooms have been removed. This lofty character has provided a semblance of cathedralic reverberation that has been found to be most appropriate to the radio-casting of church services.

Then there are the studios used by Jack Payne's excellent dance band, by Walton O'Donnell's fine military band, for Christopher Stone's highly interesting gramophone recitals, and the daily children's hour. There is one studio which I select for special mention—a small room, specially padded, well-appointed, and intimately furnished. Through its double doors, placed conveniently near the lift, eminent people like the Royal Princes, the Prime Minister, and clerical dignitaries have passed to deliver their "talks."

King Microphone reigns supreme throughout the entire building. Every activity has to be subordinated to his requirements. The furniture of a studio, the position of the piano, the seating of the orchestra, and even the fixtures of the windows are determined by a circular instrument, 4 in. in diameter, suspended from the framework of a pedestal—King Mike.

The studio is pleasantly decorated and finished off with a coloured lacquer. The walls and ceiling are padded with a sound-absorbent material and the floor padded. But the padding on the walls is artistically concealed by a kind of marbled wall-paper. In some of the studios there are no windows, the ventilation being by pumps hidden in the ceiling. One or two of the studios, used for special test purposes, have small windows let into the inside walls. Through these the radio plays are carefully watched by the recording engineers during rehearsals.

Bass notes are more resonant than treble notes. This fact determines the placing of piano and bands. The piano has to be placed so that the pianist has the microphone on his right hand. A band or orchestra has to be specially seated. The cornets and trombones have to "blow away" from the microphone, the basses are placed in front of the conductor, who then has the "mike" on his left hand. Violins and cellos are placed near the "mike," with saxophones in the middle distance and drums as far away as possible, because the dull thud of a drum, with its reverberating echo, is one of the most difficult sounds to radiocast.

It has been discovered at Savoy Hill that the decorative scheme has a psychological effect on artists. The studio used by Phillip Ridgway for his revues and by the different concert parties has an appropriate background. The walls are decorated in a brilliant combination of reds and blacks, with Chinese pheasants worked into the scheme. Every "children's hour" is radiocast from a studio with a modern scheme of decoration and furnished with aluminium-painted chairs. The studio used for "talks" looks exactly like a study—with writing-table, bookshelves, and old prints on the walls; even a dummy window with curtains drawn back to reveal the painted window-panes and landscapes!

From this House of Many Rooms at Savoy Hill the B.B.C. radiocast what is admitted to be the best-quality day-long programmes in the world.



Raphael
MISS GWENDOLYN HAMMOND

Who plays the French milliner in "Nine till Six," which achieved its 200th performance, last week. Miss Hammond, after studying at the R.A.D.A., made her stage début in this successful comedy and shows great promise. Her father, Mr. Frederick Laurence Hammond of Igloo, Banff, Alberta, is the owner of the "Fortnightly Review."

HENLEY REGATTA—first held in 1853—is one of the greatest annual sporting and social events in England. Amateur oarsmen from all over the world compete during the four days of the meeting. In 1923 the course was shortened, straightened and narrowed.



Johnnie Walker:

**'This is the most exciting event
of the day.'**

Oarsman:

**'Well, you're the most popular,
at all events.'**

Born 1820—Still going Strong.

Polo Notes—continued

sport-loving public knows that this year there is an International fight on in America in September and that various trial matches have been played with a view to picking our team. If this had been rugger, soccer, cricket, or the lawn tennis championship, every little office boy and girl would have been able to give you the latest form of anyone and everyone concerned. In America they know all about it because their Press takes jolly good care that they should, and round about International time the excitement is worked up to fever heat. With the exception of three or four of London's morning papers and some of the weekly papers, polo remains unnoticed. How can the public be expected to know or to learn anything about it if the game is put in the corner like this and hardly mentioned? I agree entirely with Major Avery that the general public would go to see polo in its thousands, as it does to see rugger, soccer, cricket, etc., if it knew and also had it explained that it is not a difficult game to understand—easier than rugger, for instance, and just as easy as soccer; in fact anyone who understands the rules and the art and science of soccer could have no difficulty in understanding polo. The scheme of things is practically identical, penalties and all. But what we must call the "popular" Press, the papers you see all the people reading in the trains, trams, and buses, rarely gets anyone to write and explain that this is so, and that purely from a spectacular point of view and from that of pace and thrill polo has got most ball games beaten. It is the fastest ball game, bar ice-hockey, that is played, and is about as good a game to watch as any of which you can think. There

is no stone-walling and there are no scrums. There is quick movement and a rapid fight all the time; there are very few dull moments. But the British public cannot know this because it is not told about it in the papers which it patronizes most. The papers themselves may not see any news value in polo. I venture to think that if the particular class of paper to which reference is made decided to "discover" polo, and get hold of writers who are capable of telling their public something about its picturesque and thrilling history, there might be a good deal of news value in it. Major Avery is quite right when he says we have not got enough polo grounds near London. We haven't. Stoke D'Abernon at Cobham is only about half-an-hour away, but the biggest polo centre in England, the Beaufort Hunt Polo Club at Norton in Wiltshire, is too far off for "popular" purposes. On a recent occasion, however, I found one man from North China and another from Mohammerah, up the Gulf, sufficiently keen to go and see our International possibles tried. It would be difficult materially to increase London's polo facilities. At present they are confined to the Hurlingham, Ranelagh, Roehampton, Worcester Park, and Templeton grounds. Interesting polo could have been seen by the public at all of them during this London season now nearing its close; but the public did not know about this because it was not told. As to that other matter, the cost of polo, upon which Major Avery touches, here we get into very deep water. In over-taxed England polo and hunting and racing still carry on. The two former are not self-supporting from "gates," and the latter is aided by other things such as entries, forfeits, etc. Until we get out of this Slough of Financial Despond this state of affairs is likely to continue.



Dennis Moss

The winners of the County Novices' Cup at the Beaufort Hunt Polo Club, beating West Gloucester 3 to 2 after extra time. Captain F. F. Spicer runs this team. The names are: Captain E. A. Phillipi, Captain F. F. Spicer, Captain M. P. Benton, and Mr. T. Bennett

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for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

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LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

Owing to the kindness of Mr. Richardson I have received a catalogue of the China Kennel Club Show at Shanghai in May. Judging from it the dog cult in China must be in a very flourishing condition. There are well-filled classes of Alsatians, Airedales, bulldogs, pointers, fox terriers, Pekingese, and dachshunds. Curiously, there are not many spaniels, which are all classified together, and no Labradors. Many cups and specials are provided. It is always interesting as well as pleasant to see how our hobby is flourishing, and what form it takes, in other parts of the world. The China Kennel Club is doing a great work in improving the quality of dogs, which is mainly due to its annual exhibition.

* * * *

The Cairn Terrier Association held a very successful Show on July 9. There were 170 dogs bunched. The challenge certificate for dogs was won by Mrs. Basset with Champion McRob of Frimley, while

Lady Burton was reserve to both certificate winners with Dochfour Ean and Morag

* * * *

The recent very hot weather we have had (it will probably be snowing by the time this appears!) has turned everyone's thoughts to the country—to moors, sea, or just country, according to taste. In the nick of time to enhance these pleasures comes the photograph of Mrs. Gadsden's wire pups, ready to go anywhere, with anyone, in anything, as they are four months old. They are very well-bred, and anyone can see they are good-looking. Mrs. Gadsden is going away at the end of July so would like to get them good homes by then. They can be seen any time, either at their home at Denham or at our L.K.A. Office, 87, Knightsbridge. There is no pal for the rough and tumble of life to equal a fox terrier.



GRIFFON

The property of Miss Curtis



GARRY O'RATHOWEN
The property of Mrs. Keeble

Again terriers. This time from across the Irish Channel. Mrs. Keeble sends a photograph of her Kerry Blue dog, Garry o'Rathowen, a fine dog and a prize-winner. She has some very nice pups for sale, three months old; she says, "They are lovely little things and show great promise, can be seen any time by appointment near London." She also says, "Garry is a very well-bred dog, sound, strong, and typical, every inch a terrier." Garry is at stud in Hertfordshire.

* * * *

As a change from these terriers comes one of the most intelligent of the toy breeds. The Brussels Griffon, as its name denotes, came from Brussels, and the first specimens were shown in this country in the 'nineties. At that time there was no uniformity of type as there is now, but British breeders soon changed that, and the Griffon is now a most typical little dog, remarkably intelligent and "un-lapdog" like. Its snub-nose and impudent expression are a key to its character. Griffons are either red or black; the red is the most popular but the black is very attractive. Besides Brussels Griffons, there are the Griffons Brabançons, Griffons are remarkably hardy; the writer has known Griffons old ages with only the ordinary care one bestows on a



WIRE-HAIRED PUPPIES

The property of Mrs. Gadsden

which are smooth. Two which lived to ripe old age, two which died young, and a dog which is a valued friend. Miss Curtis has two young ladies and a young man Griffon for sale. She sends a photograph of one of the ladies, who she says is very small and a lovely little thing, six months old—the other lady is a year old. These are to be sold reasonably to good homes.

* * * *

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E3 (centre).
Double brimmed felt Hat, trimmed Petersham and sports mount. In Beige, Brown, Navy. Sizes 22, 22½ ins. **59/6**



E2 (on left).
Full-on Cap and Scarf to match in fancy material. In Brown/Beige, Red/Beige, Teal, Navy and Tan. Head size 22 ins.

The Set - **59/6**



E4 (below).
Felt Hat in Beige and Brown, trimmed two shades of Petersham. Head sizes—22, 22½ ins. **49/6**

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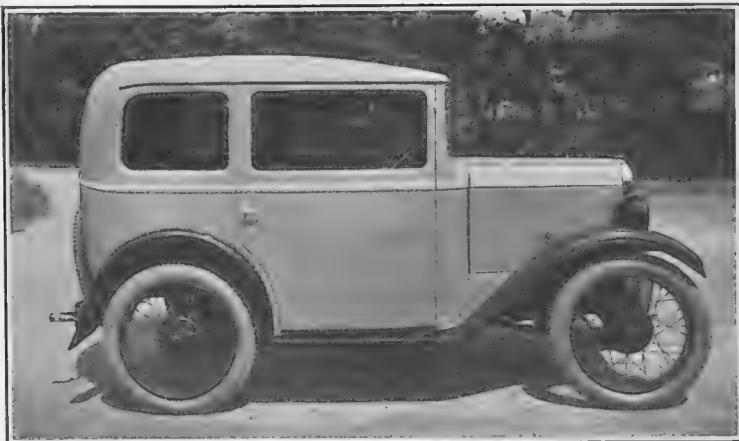
Petrol Vapour—continued

for an ox-tongue of the kind that is put up in glass vessels. It is a picnic meat that is less messy than most. So t'other day she tried to get me one. But the town was ill-supplied, and the only equivalent available was fresh ox-tongue, guaranteed newly-cooked, and of this she acquired a suitable quantity. Handsome indeed it looked on the platter, but there was just a shade of "me no likee" about it. It was not in the least "off," you understand, but it wasn't quite to my taste or to hers. For fifty miles we drove vainly searching the hedges and ditches for some poor wight who would be glad to have it, and ultimately had to give up the quest. We couldn't even find anyone to whom we could offer it. Oh, heavens! I have just remembered that it is still amongst the odds and ends in the car! It will, I fear, be past praying for. But a year or two ago an even worse thing befell. We had been doing a long roundabout journey, to finish up with a fortnight at St. Andrews, and we had over-bid our picnic hand by exactly the larger moiety of a roast chicken. I had thought that the inhabitants of a tumble-down Scottish hovel would not have said "No" to the offer, but no less than three "guidwives" shrank from the proffered gift with manifest disgust. In the "Lang Toon of Kirka'dy" we tried several half-starved, bare-footed kids. They would have nothing to do with it. Then we came across what seemed to be a providential tramp. So hope ran high. But that suspicious old villain came within a pip of calling a policeman. Thought we wanted to poison him I suppose—as indeed I did afterwards. So he, too, missed a jolly good offer. Finally we flung the accursed but excellent half-fowl to a skinny cur. Even he ran away from it at first, but his curiosity beat his caution and he returned to it. We stopped and watched him going through the carcass, and I have never seen a job better done.

Motor Notes and News

The Austin Seven coachbuilt saloon has been greatly improved in appearance. Always a very attractive car, in its new form, with a longer bonnet and body, the neatness and symmetry of its lines have been considerably enhanced. The deeper radiator of slightly larger capacity adds to its good looks, and the additional knee-room for passengers enables two adults to travel quite comfortably in the rear seat. Moreover, by adding strength to the back axle and suspension the carrying capacity has been increased to 36 stone. A stiffer and stronger crank-shaft adds to the already very generous margin of strength and sturdiness which has made the Austin Seven so outstandingly dependable under the most arduous conditions. The one-piece windscreen is slightly sloping and is secured in position by a quick-action locking device which is firm, safe, and positively rattle-proof. A clean, unbroken belt-line and new type moulding, running from the radiator hinge-line back to the rear of the body, adds length and grace to the appearance of the body.

The door-windows are one piece and are mechanically raised or lowered. The roof line is improved, the rear quarter-panel being rounded, which adds greatly to the appearance. Greater comfort and convenience for the drivers and passengers have been provided for, all seats having pneumatic upholstery. The back-rest of the rear seat is fully sprung, and both front seats tip up, thus giving easy access to the rear seats through either of the wide doors. Other improvements which have been introduced include: the petrol tank has been fitted with a new two-level tap, which thus provides a reserve petrol supply; an oil-pressure gauge of the dial type is mounted on the instrument-board in place of the "button" indicator; and a blind at the rear window can be raised or lowered from the driver's seat to obviate head-light glare at night-time from following cars.



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Sliding Roof £10 extra.

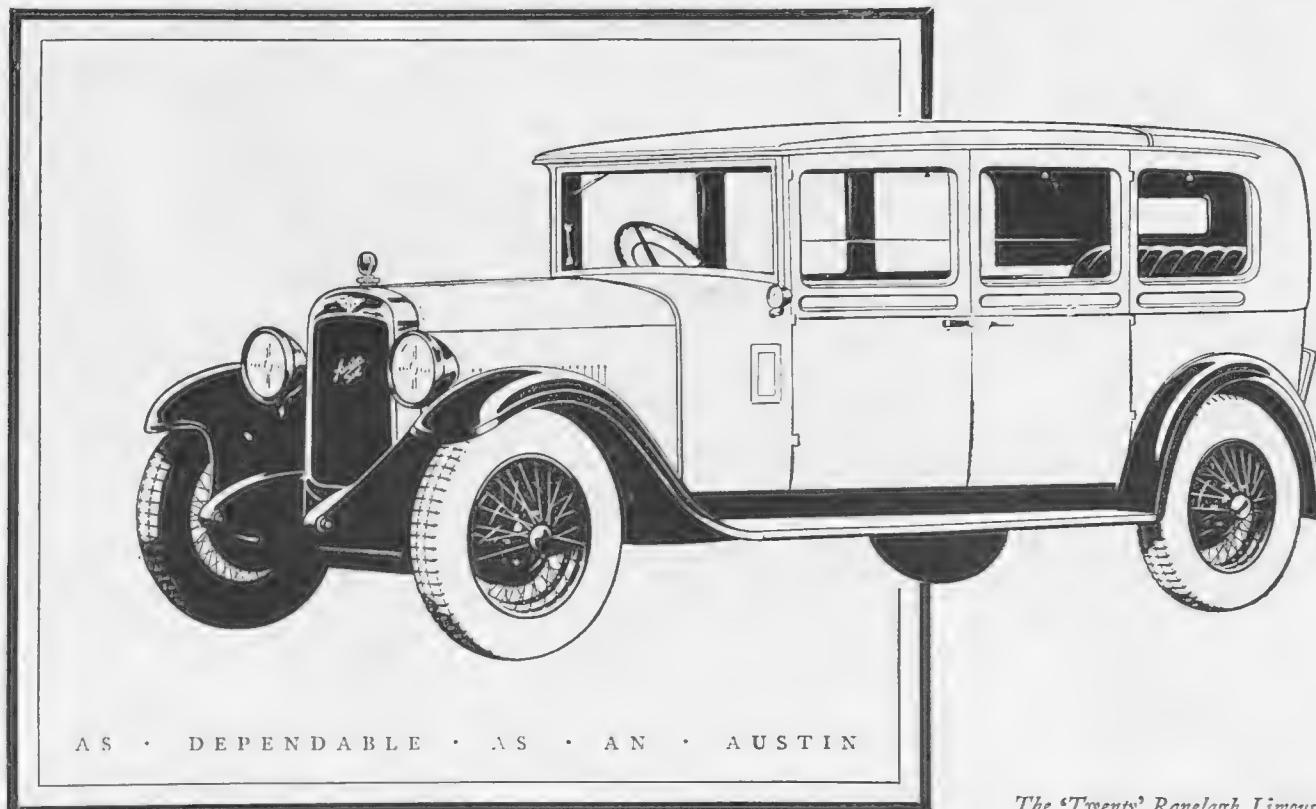
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His car has been in continual daily use. Except for decarbonising the engine has never been taken down.

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C.F.H.13

Notes from Here and There

Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, urgently ask for £25 to relieve the terrible anxiety of a poor lady who is well over seventy years. Like so many of her class and age, she has to manage on a very small income, which owing to trade depression decreases every year. She was the wife of an army officer and spent most of her youth in India. Now she lives in poverty in a little country cottage in England. Crippled with rheumatoid arthritis, she has one faithful companion, a devoted servant who stays without receiving any wages and looks after her. Some short while ago both mistress and maid were forced to move, and although exercising the utmost economy, the former was forced into a few debts which she cannot pay off. The worry is preying on her mind, yet she cannot find a way out of her difficulties. If we could only collect £25 to pay off her debts and give her a small allowance she would be overjoyed—please help us to do this.

* * * * *
The Victoria Palace is reverting to variety programmes for a short season which commenced on Monday last, July 21. The programme includes Nellie Wallace, Will Hay, Stephanie Anderson's New Mid-Air Girls, Jack Barty, Rio and Santos, Brian Lawrence, Lucile Chalfant, and the Zanfrellas. Performances will be given twice nightly, at 6.30 and 9 o'clock.

* * * * *
"The L. and M. News" for July, published by the Linotype and Machinery Co., Ltd., contains a most interesting article entitled "The Inner Fleet Street," by Toye Vise, and cleverly illustrated by Jennetta Vise, who is the author's young daughter. Those who love their Fleet Street (which means all who know it) will appreciate the skill of the two artists responsible for this joint word and pencil picture, which has quite a butterfly-like touch.

The Woolwich Garrison Searchlight Tattoo is being held on July 23, 24, 25, and 26, and promises to be a great success. Among the attractions of the tattoo will be a musical drive by the 18th Field Brigade, R.A., with 6-pdr. guns, in the Waterloo period uniform of the R.H.A., followed by a pageant representing four distinct periods. The Band of the Royal Regiment of Artillery will take a prominent part in the display under the direction of Captain E. C. Stretton, M.V.O., R.A. Owing to the large number of people who were unable to get seats for last year's Tattoo, the reserved seating area has been increased. Tickets may be obtained from the Box Office, Woolwich Searchlight Tattoo Office, R.A. Barracks, Woolwich, S.E.18.

* * * * *
We deeply regret that, owing to a photographer's error, Miss Beryl Parry was described as Miss Beryl Powney in our issue of July 9.



LADY EILEEN FORBES AND
LADY GEORGIANA CURZON

Arriving at Lord's for the Eton and Harrow match. Lady Eileen Forbes is the younger of Lord and Lady Granard's daughters, and Lady Georgiana Curzon is the Earl and Countess Howe's daughter



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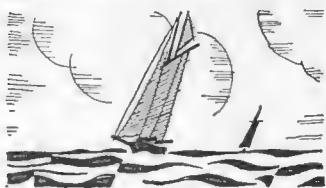
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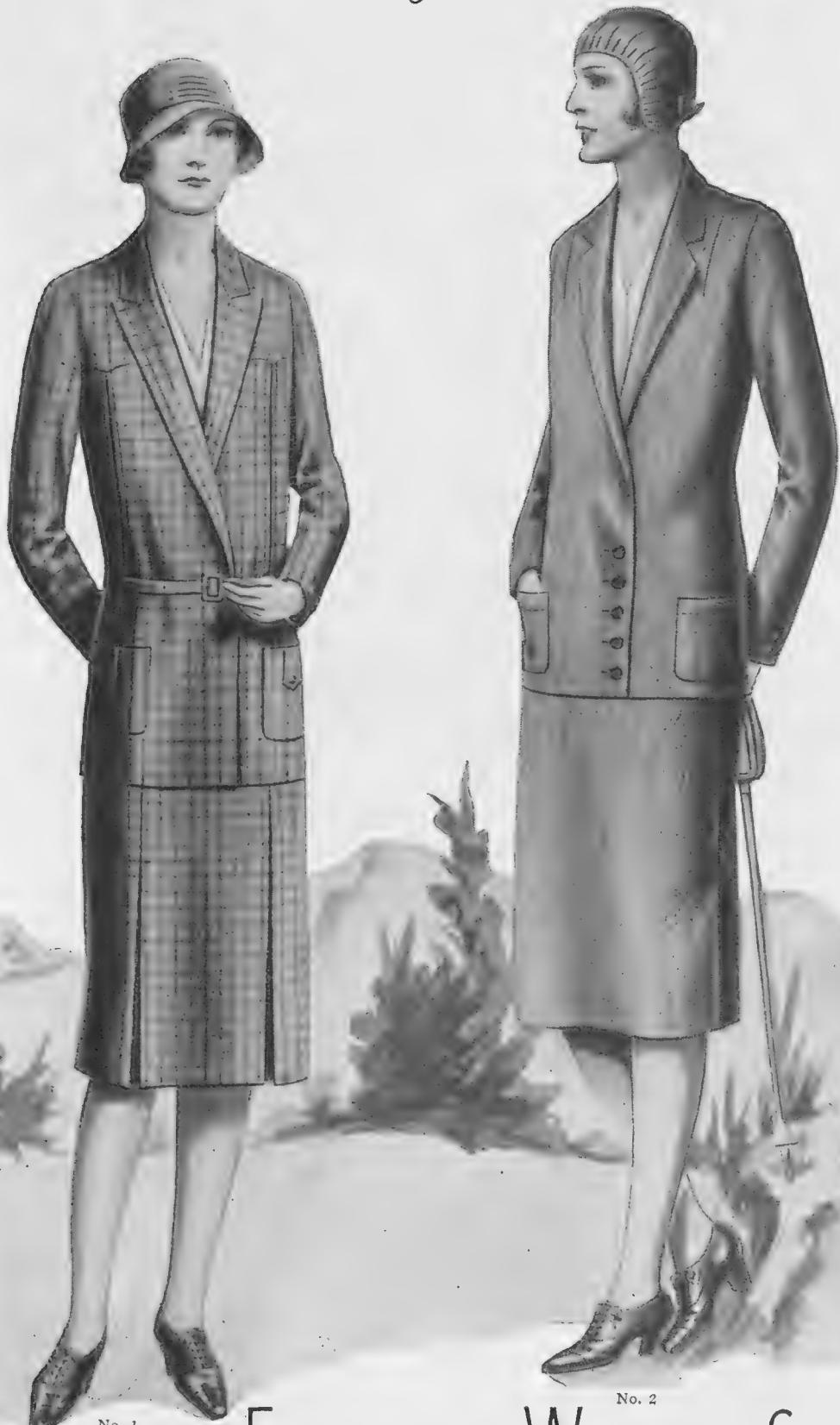
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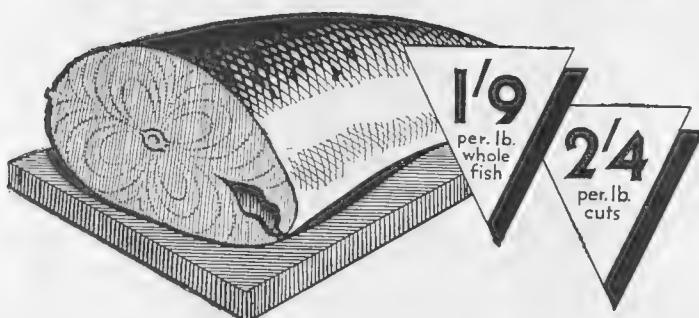
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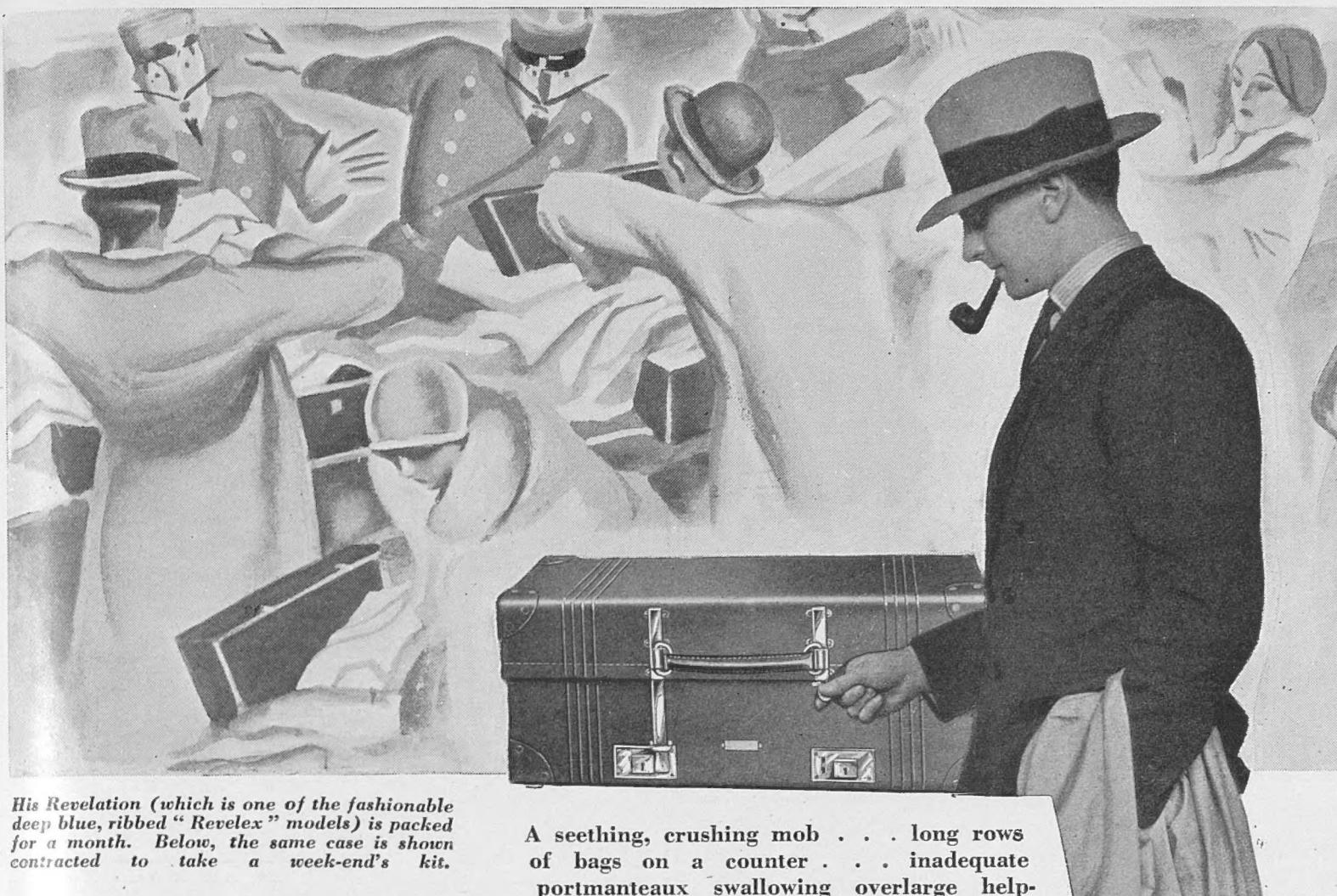
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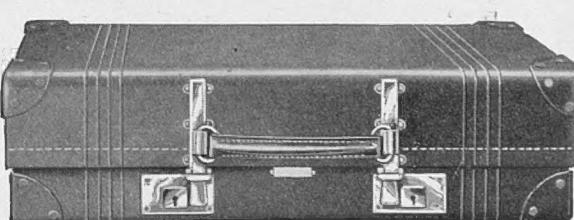
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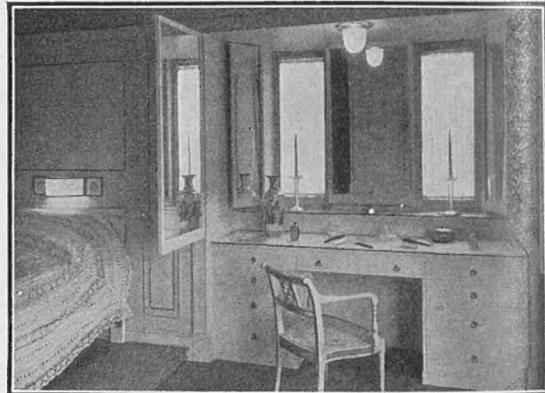
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Sir Edward : "He's of the opinion that you've been over-generous, and wondered how you interpreted his real intention."

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